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CELEBRITIES OF THE STAGE

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"From the East to Western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind."
Miss Ada Rehan in "As You Like It"
at Daly's Theatre.

PHOTOGRAVURE CO.N.Y.

CELEBRITIES OF THE STAGE.

EDITED BY

BOYLE LAWRENCE.

"All the Men and Women merely Players."

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Celebrities of the Stage.

Sir HENRY IRVING.

WHAT remains to be said at this time of day of the art of Sir Henry Irving? Whether posterity will proclaim him one of the roll of England's greatest actors, of course we cannot tell; but, however that may be, the sweets of contemporary fame and praise have been his as they have, perhaps, been no others.' Yet, if there is room for doubt as to the view history will take of Sir Henry Irving as an actor, there surely is the certainty that it will proclaim him the greatest manager the stage had known till the end of the nineteenth century—whatever may come after. The greatest manager, that is from the points of view of the beauty and poetry of his imagination as applied to the varied arts of the theatre, and of the dignity and splendour with which he invested the calling of the drama, bringing to the playhouse that class which had heretofore rigorously held aloof from it, the last intransigeants of the Puritans.

That Sir Henry has not been in the van in the advancement of modern drama, that he has not given his great influence to lend a helping hand to the native authors of his period is, perhaps, the worst blot on his artistic escutcheon. Sir Henry has buried himself among the grandeur of the past. That Shakespeare in him has found a never-wearying apostle will, perhaps, be held as a saving grace, a proper excuse—certainly there could be but few higher artistic aims than to present fittingly and reverently, the greatest works of the greatest dramatist who ever lived. At the same time, the present has calls upon us as well as the past, and that the foremost English actor should have held so aloof from contemporary authorship, cannot but be a matter for regret. When we think that Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Sydney Grundy, R. C. Carton—to mention but a few of the most prominent dramatists of the Irving era—were never commissioned to write Sir Henry a play, it cannot but strike one as something missing.

As an actor Sir Henry Irving has his great moments, his inspired moments, and also his limitations. He could not help being a great actor—his personality, his magnetism, his imaginativeness and the glamour of his individuality stamped him as that from the very first. Barton Baker says of his first appearance at the Lyceum, under the management of H. L. Bateman, in "The Bells":—

> "None was prepared for such a revelation of power and originality as burst on the town on that night in 1872, when he gave his first performance of the conscience-hunted burgomaster, Mathias. We must go back to the night when Robson played Shylock to find any parallel to the sensation produced. The performance recalled no tradition; it was from beginning to end original, both in conception and execution. It has been mellowed and elaborated since then, and Mr. Irving's performance of 'Louis XI.,' one of the most subtle and perfectly artistic pieces of acting the stage has ever seen, has left Mathias at an immeasurable distance."

Thus might be written of his Eugene Aram, his Richard III., his Shylock, his Digby Grant, his Benedick, his Iago, his Vicar of Wakefield, his Corporal in "A Story of Waterloo"—a catalogue of which the greatest actor might be proud. In all of these Sir Henry Irving is at his best, and than his best there has never been a better. Weirdness, pathos, humour, power—all are his in those characters which are suited to his genius and his personality. It is only when he attempted Macbeth, Lear, Melnotte, Romeo, that we found his limitations, the necessary limitations, for the men he essayed to reproduce were opposed to him in temperament and in physique. As an elocutionist Sir Henry could not shine; he had not the physical qualifications; but as an imaginative and fascinating actor, there cannot, surely, have ever been his superior in "Hamlet," the greatest character in drama; the strength of his imagination, the beauty of his conception, the luminosity of his thought, the depth of his study, conquered everything and carried him shoulder high to such a success as happens but rarely in a generation. It was the triumph of mind over matter. So much for imagination, for poetry; for humour, could drollery go further than Sir Henry Irving's Jingle?

To play Hamlet must always be the turning point, if not the summit, of an actor's career. One cannot do better than quote from Mr. Clement Scott's brilliantly picturesque and graphic description of the production of the tragedy at the Lyceum in 1874. These impressions of the moment are always the most convincing. Says Mr. Scott:—

> "None can explain it; but all are now spell-bound. The Hamlet is 'thinking aloud,' as Hazlitt wished. He is as much of the gentleman and scholar as possible, and as little of the actor. He is not acting, he is not splitting the ears of the groundlings; he is an artist concealing his art; he is talking to himself; he is thinking aloud. Hamlet is suffering from moral poison, and the spell woven about the audience is more mysterious and incomprehensible in the second act than in the first. In the third act the artist triumphs. No more doubt, no more hesitation, no more discussion. . . . The scene with Ophelia turns the scale, and the success is from this instant complete. . . .
>
> "Determined not to be conquered by his predecessors, he made a signal success in the play scene. He acted it with an impulsive energy beyond all praise. Point after point was made in a whirlwind of excitement. He lured, he tempted, he trapped the King, he drove out his wicked uncle, conscience-stricken and baffled, and with an hysterical yell of triumph he sank down. . . . It is difficult to describe the excitement occasioned by the acting in this scene. . . . The actor of the evening had, in the teeth of tradition, in the most unselfish manner, and in the most highly artistic fashion convinced his hearers. . . . So they threw crowns, and wreaths, and bouquets at the artist, and the good people felt that this artistic assistance had come at a turning point in the history of English dramatic art. . . . The Hamlet of Henry Irving is a noble contribution to dramatic art."

The Queen made Irving a knight, the Universities have given him their degrees, the Church has held out to him the hand of fellowship, his boundless generosity has endeared him to his comrades, in the hearts of the public he occupies a place all his own. To few is given a life so full and so many-sided.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

SIR HENRY IRVING.

From a Photograph by *J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.*

MISS SYBIL CARLISLE.

Miss SYBIL CARLISLE.

MISS SYBIL CARLISLE is a young and pretty actress who has lent lightness and gaiety and grace to many a whimsical piece, and beneath all the fun there is a womanly charm more helpful to the success of the play than merely clever acting ever could be. Miss Carlisle does not play long or strong parts; but to characters which, though small, are yet of distinct advantage to the piece, she gives a buoyancy and attractiveness which add materially to the enjoyment of her audience.

Mr. Augustin Daly appreciated these qualities and saw the advantage of them, and engaged the young English actress to join his company and support Miss Ada Rehan. Thus she took part in many of the notable Daly revivals and productions here and in America, including "The School for Scandal"; "Two Gentlemen of Verona," in which she played Lucetta; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which she made a delightful Oberon; and "Love on Crutches." In all of these parts she brought an English winsomeness to the smart and spruce American surroundings which we all, if sub-consciously, appreciated.

In Mr. Charles Wyndham's revival of that exhilarating farcical comedy of "Betsy," at the Criterion in 1896, Miss Carlisle played the part of Madame Polenta; and in "My Friend the Prince," at the Garrick, she was a charming Poppy Jannaway. Since then she has appeared in the melodrama, "Sporting Life," at the Shaftesbury Theatre; in the "Dove-Cot," at the Duke of York's; and in "Cupboard Love," at the Court.

Miss WINIFRED EMERY.

TO have been the one and only Babbie, beloved by all London; to have embodied Mr. J. M. Barrie's elfish, charming, wilful, delightful gipsy; to have entranced thousands upon thousands of playgoers who worshipped the heroine of Thrums even as the Little Minister worshipped—this is no slight thing in the life of an actress. And yet it is only one of the many triumphs of Miss Winifred Emery. Who does not remember Miss Tomboy, the fascinating hoyden of Mr. Robert Buchanan's adaptation, at the Vaudeville Theatre, of Vanbrugh's play, "The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger"? What magnetism there is in both of these characters.

Miss Emery, first and foremost, is a comedienne; but how sweet and true and tender are the varying notes of her pathos and womanly sentiment. If she can make us laugh, she can make us cry, too. If she has spirit, archness, humour, she has also gentleness, grace and sympathy. One can hear now her delivery, at the Lyceum, of Jessica's plaintive lines, as she sits with Lorenzo in the moon-lit garden:

> In such a night,
> Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
> Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
> And ne'er a true one.

And, if one wished to recall stronger fare than this, and cite an example to prove that Miss Emery has within reach emotions almost tragic, is there not Theophila Fraser in "The Benefit of the Doubt"? Will those who witnessed her performance in Mr. Pinero's play forget her handling of that dangerous but wonderfully effective and latently tragic drunken scene, where the virtuous, though thoughtless woman, elated by champagne, throws prudence to the winds and tells the man she will go away with him?

> By Jove, I won't have a dull time, though! I shall only hang out with Emily long enough just to turn round. Then I'll take a little *appartement* of my own. . . . I'll let the world see how happy I am without the character I've been robbed of! Yes, robbed of! (*laughing noisily*). Ha, ha, ha! (*snapping her fingers*). Pish! I shall burst out laughing in the face of the whole world, Jack—put my tongue out at the world, your wife, my husband! After the solemn farce we've all gone through. (*Between her teeth*) Y-y-yes, they shall have a pretty picture in their minds of *me*, t'other side of the Channel, with my finger to my nose like a cheeky urchin. Oh, my heavens, how I hate 'em, hate 'em, hate 'em.

An actress who can speak those words and give them all their meaning, more, the meaning that lies beneath them; who can be also the ideal Babbie; the gentle Sophia, sister to Olivia, daughter of the Vicar of Wakefield; who as Mr. Grundy's heroine in "The Late Mr. Castelloe," can bring out all the delicate humour, the satire, the gentle irony and broad fun that is in the part, is a very wonderful artist.

But these are but a tenth part of Miss Winifred Emery's triumphs. Her Rosamond, in Mr. Grundy's fine play, "Sowing the Wind," is one of the few characters in modern drama we can recall after the lapse of years. Mr. William Archer said of it that "it is simply one of the most beautiful and moving creations of our time," and, indeed, it is. Even yet that wonderful speech rings in one's ears, that wonderful speech beginning:

> And how was she repaid? She was forsaken. My father left her. As you know, men do leave women sometimes. Perhaps he was right to leave her—perhaps he had a father. Men sometimes do their duty—by their fathers.

When Miss Emery was but a girl-beginner, and played Mrs. Brown in "The Old Love and the New," at the Court Theatre, the late Dutton Cook wrote of "the very good looks, the natural humour, and great vivacity of the actress who personates the character. Miss Winifred Emery had previously appeared with credit in the little play called 'A Clerical Error' but, of course, she was then permitted but a poor opportunity of exhibiting her best gifts and graces. As Mrs. Brown—Miss Emery obtains real distinction, and proves herself worthy of the name she bears."

For some years Miss Emery was a valued member of Sir Henry Irving's Company at the Lyceum, where she "understudied" Miss Ellen Terry and played such heroines as Miss Terry did not assume. Lottie, in "The Two Roses"; Ida, in "Werner"; Annette, in "The Bells"; Marie, in "Louis XI."; Hero, in "Much Ado About Nothing," are some of the parts in which she appeared under the management of Sir Henry.

In "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy," at Terry's Theatre, the late Cecil Howard tells us that "Miss Winifred Emery played the noble, unselfish Mrs. Errol, with a delicacy and touching fervour that brought tears to the eyes of many."

Miss Emery was for some time the "leading lady" with Mr. Thomas Thorne at the Vaudeville. Mr. Cyril Maude was a member of the same company, making his name as a brilliant young comedian, and it was during their engagement here that Mr. Maude and Miss Emery were married. Besides Miss Tomboy and other parts, Miss Emery played during her engagement here Kate Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer." With Mr. Wilson Barrett, at the Olympic, she appeared as Pauline, in the "Lady of Lyons"; Mrs. Haller, in "The Stranger"; Mona, in "Ben-my-Chree"; Ophelia, in "Hamlet"; Madeleine, in "The Acrobat" (another version of "The Mountebank"); Nellie Denver, in "The Silver King"; and other characters. Miss Emery has been a Drury Lane heroine in "The Armada"; she played, as successor to Miss Olga Brandon, Vashti, in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's startling work "Judah"; Cynthia Greenslade, in the same author's "Crusaders"; and Lady Windermere, in "Lady Windermere's Fan," at the St. James's, following Miss Lily Hanbury in the part; Gilberte, in "Frou-Frou," at the Comedy; Margery, in Mr. Grundy's "New Woman," at the same house; Bazilide, in "For the Crown," at the Lyceum. In "Under the Red Robe," "A Marriage of Convenience," "The Manœuvres of Jane," at the Haymarket, her successes are too well known and recent to require reference here.

From a Photograph by *H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.*

MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

From a Photograph by *Window & Grove, Baker Street, W.*

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

Miss ELLEN TERRY as LADY MACBETH.

THERE have been many great actresses during the life of the middle-aged man of to-day, a long list of player-women of whom we are justly proud. Tastes differ; to each playgoer a different charm appeals; but, were it possible to take a plebiscite of lovers of the drama, and to collect their opinions on the point, there is hardly a doubt that nine-tenths of them would say that, beyond all others, Ellen Terry was the most universally admired, the most representative actress of the last thirty years. The list of the parts she has played is almost startling; Clara Douglas in "Money," at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre; Lady Juliet Darnley, in Lytton's "The House of Darnley," at the Court; Mabel Vane, in "Masks and Faces"; Olivia, in "The Vicar of Wakefield"; Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons"; Portia, Iolanthe, Desdemona, Helen, Juliet, Beatrice, Viola, Margaret, Queen Katharine, Cordelia, Rosamund, Guinevere, Ellaline, Madame Sans-Gêne, and others. In all of these the delightful charm of her personality, the winsomeness of her style, her womanly sympathy and her artistic sensitiveness, have won for her a place absolutely pre-eminent among the ladies of the stage.

In her case, as in the case of her great artistic associate, Sir Henry Irving, her position has been won, more than all, by her individuality. It is not that Miss Terry possesses any extraordinary amount of variety; there is not, in fact, any great differentiation in her treatment of the characters she has portrayed; as a tragedienne—although she has played heroines of tragedy without number—her range is very circumscribed. Yet, even in these, though she reaches no height of grand passion, her appealing womanliness has carried all before it.

The one real failure of her career was her Lady Macbeth, and the reason is clear. Miss Terry could not imagine the blood-guilty woman-fiend—could not realise such a character, and so could not express it. Her assumption of the part aroused great controversy—the public were prepared for her reading of the character, but neither they nor the critics were convinced. Miss Terry's conception of the part is told in a letter from her to Mrs. Keeley.

> "I can't play Lady Macbeth properly," she wrote, "but I hope to play her much better than on Saturday before the next hundred nights have passed. I have never had the passion of ambition, but, watching my own mother and some few friends of mine, all good women, I have wondered at the lengths to which ambition—generally for some son or husband—drove them; and long ago I concluded that the Thane of Cawdor's wife was a much be-blackened person. She was pretty bad, I think; but by no means abnormally bad."

On such a foundation we could not have the Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare.

If one had to make a choice of all the parts played by Miss Terry, it would fall, I think, on her Beatrice, her Portia, and her Olivia; though it would be difficult to exclude her Ophelia, her Juliet, and her Desdemona. Her Beatrice is, of course, immortal. Miss Terry is a comedienne above all, and there is not in the whole range of comedy a more delightful figure than the heroine of "Much Ado About Nothing." For tender sentiment and pathos, her Olivia stands unrivalled; her Portia is a dazzling picture of gracious womanliness. Just as Lady Macbeth was too terrible for her temperament, so was Madame Sans-Gêne too vulgar. In each, her innate gentleness and refinement shone forth and the picture suffered.

It is interesting to recall the criticism on Miss Terry passed by Mr. Joseph Knight in 1875, when she played Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons" at the Princess's Theatre. He said:—

> "Its effect is to set the seal upon a growing reputation, and to make evident the fact that an actress of a high, if not the highest, order has arisen in our midst."

Mr. Knight must regard with pride his gifts of prophecy.

Another noted critic, the late Dutton Cook, writing about the same time, comes to the same conclusion, in these words:—

> "Miss Ellen Terry, who, in her early childhood, served as apprentice at the Princess's Theatre under the rule of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, is now an artist of real distinction. With all the charms of aspect and graces of manner . . . . Miss Terry is gifted with a voice of silvery and sympathetic tone, while her elocutionary method should be prized by her fellow actors."

And Miss Terry received this praise before she had joined Mr. Irving at the Lyceum: before the real beginning of her great career!

POSTSCRIPT.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S performance of Robespierre has been received with a chorus of praise in which there has been hardly one dissonant voice. We need not wonder at that, for the character of the revolutionist is well within his powers. Though there are fine moments in M. Sardou's drawing of the character—moments which afford the opportunity for the display of those weird effects for which Sir Henry is famous, and those qualities of pathos which he possesses in such large measure, Robespierre never tries the actor to his utmost ; one feels that Sir Henry always has his part well in hand.

* * * *

Miss Ellen Terry's part of Clarisse de Maluçon in the same play offers hardly any scope for acting of anything more than the mildly emotional order. Mme. de Maluçon is a character drawn entirely in the minor key ; with the exception of the scene in the Conçiergerie, where the mother is in dread that her son is a prisoner; and with Robespierre, where she watches, with him, in an agony of terror lest the boy shall pass by in one of the tumbrils on his way to the guillotine, Miss Terry has no opportunity whatever.

* * * *

The next part of importance to be played by Miss Winifred Emery is that of the heroine in Mr. Sydney Grundy's version of Sardou's play, "The Black Tulip," which is to be the autumn production at the Haymarket Theatre.

* * * *

Portraits of Mr. Forbes Robertson, as Hamlet, of Miss Dorothea Baird, Miss Letty Lind, Mrs. Lewis (Miss Kate Terry), and Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis will form the contents of next week's issue of *Celebrities of the Stage*.

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Part II.

Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON as "HAMLET,"

Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD,

Miss LETTY LIND,

Mrs. LEWIS and Miss TERRY-LEWIS.

Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON.

"THE Hamlet of our generation"—there is no greener wreath of laurel to be won by the actor, and it was won by Mr. J. Forbes Robertson. To play Hamlet is much; to play Hamlet at the Lyceum Theatre is more; to play Hamlet at the Lyceum to such a chorus of praise that its echoes, a year after, had hardly died away, is best of all. And why the best Hamlet? Because he played the Hamlet of the poet-author, unobscured by new "readings," "points," or "business." Poetry, picturesqueness, scholarship were brought to bear by the actor upon the greatest part in the whole repertory of the theatre, illumined by a reverence not only for the text, but the spirit of the play. For the first time in the life of many an earnest youthful student of the drama, the tragedy of "Hamlet" was clear, understandable, sympathetic. He left the Lyceum, not only convinced of the author's meaning, but in wonder that he had ever been in doubt of it. Hamlet mad? Ridiculous—overwrought, nervous, unduly exalted, unduly abased, perhaps, but sane, sane, sane. Mr. Forbes Robertson made that clear to us. He depicted the character drawn by Shakespeare, unobscured by any fad or foible; undiluted by any desire of the actor to intrude his own personality beyond the degree necessary to give to the poet all the poetry his interpreter had at command, all the thought, all the care. Mr. Forbes Robertson's Hamlet went far towards clearing away the mists of the commentators and the explorers for profoundities which do not exist; explorers who are not content with the world of wisdom and beauty that lives on the surface of Shakespeare's verse.

The temperament which could give us a Hamlet almost ideal, could not possibly give to us the real Macbeth. But, while we dwell on the triumph of the actor's career, we need not linger over one of its disappointments. The ends of justice will be met by the mere statement that his Macbeth was a careful and interesting reading of the character, but uninspired—more, in direct contravention of the author's conception as expressed in his lines. Mr. Robertson is temperamentally unfitted to the part; he is the embodiment of the dreamer, the student—not the man of action.

Nor would one readily forget the tenderness, the resignation, the beauty of Mr. Forbes Robertson's Duke of Buckingham, in Sir Henry Irving's production of "Henry VIII.," at the Lyceum; nor his Constantine in Mr. John Davidson's fine adaptation of Coppée's "Pour la Couronne"; nor his Pelleas in Mæterlinck's weird play; nor will his Claudio in the famous Lyceum revival of "Much Ado About Nothing" be lost in the memory of those privileged to see that delightful performance of Shakespeare's most brilliant comedy.

In quite another vein was his Michael, in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's most serious work, "Michael and His Lost Angel"; though the play was not popular, how vivid was Mr. Forbes Robertson's picture of the storm-tossed ascetic minister, to whose soul steals like a thief in the night the earthly love for a worldly woman. How well we remember that scene on the steps of the altar where Michael stands self-confessed before his flock, a transgressor. His Nelson, too, in that unsatisfactory play, "Nelson's Enchantress," at the Avenue Theatre, was a striking figure. So was his Heffterdingk, in Sudermann's "Heimat," called "Magda," in its English dress; his Lancelot in Mr. Comyns Carr's "King Arthur"; his Lucas Cleeve in Mr. Pinero's "Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." More lasting yet is the impression left by his fine performance of Dunstan Renshaw, in Mr. Pinero's first "problem" play, "The Profligate." An interesting side-light on Mr. Forbes Robertson's acting is given in a letter from him, published in Mr. William Archer's book, "Masks and Faces." He writes:—

> "Tears come to my eyes, but not unbidden. Neither would I let my voice break of its own accord. I feel all emotional scenes, under favourable conditions, very strongly, but I dare not let myself go. Nevertheless, I like to persuade myself that I am, for the time being, the person I am playing; to surrender myself to the passion of the moment, and only to know myself, as it were, sufficiently to prevent breaking down."

Mr. Robertson's earlier career was spent under the managements of Bateman, at the Lyceum. Mr. John Hollingshead, at the Gaiety, where he played with Phelps; and at the Olympic, in the seventies. Mr. Robertson's reputation as a painter is overshadowed by his reputation as an actor—but his pictures are eagerly sought after and highly prized.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON.

From a Photograph by *Window & Grove, Baker Street, W.*

MRS. LEWIS AND MISS MABEL TERRY-LEWIS.

Mrs. LEWIS (Miss KATE TERRY),

AND

Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS.

MRS. LEWIS—Miss Kate Terry—was one of the delights of her generation. London loved her, as it has loved all the members of her family who have appeared on the stage—and they have been many. In the "sixties" Miss Kate Terry, the eldest of the sisters who have so captivated London—Kate, Ellen, and Marion—was in the heyday of her popularity; when Fechter was magnetising the Metropolis at the Lyceum, she was one of his artistic helpmates.

On February 19th, 1863, Charles Dickens wrote to Macready: "Fechter doing wonders over the way here with a picturesque French drama. Miss Kate Terry in a small part in it, perfectly charming. You may remember her making a noise, years ago, doing a boy in an inn, in 'The Courier of Lyons'? She has a tender love-scene in this piece, which is a really beautiful and artistic thing. I saw her do it at about three in the morning of the day when the theatre opened, surrounded by shavings and carpenters, and (of course) with that inevitable hammer going; and I told Fechter, 'That is the very best piece of womanly tenderness I have ever seen on the stage, and you'll find that no audience can miss it.' It is a comfort to add that it was instantly seized upon, and is much talked of."

On this same play, Mr. Clement Scott wrote some years later:—"Charles Dickens and his multitudinous admirers were in the ascendant, and they one and all believed in Fechter, and had come to see their favourite act in a showy French melodrama, 'The Duke's Motto,' which was just the kind of thing he could do to perfection. The scene comes back as if it were yesterday. Kate Terry, the eldest of the three gifted sisters, was then in the prime of her pure English beauty, and her persuasiveness, and the love-scenes between Fechter and Kate Terry were a revelation to play-goers of those days."

When Wigan controlled the Olympic, Miss Kate Terry was a valued member of his company. "The bright particular star of that period," writes Barton Baker, "was Miss Kate Terry, whose style, though quite distinct, had much of that sympathetic charm which distinguishes her sister Ellen; and, for the sake of comparison, might be said to have been a blending of her manner with that of Mrs. Kendal, her exquisite rendering of the characters of domestic drama resembling the latter, while she had a certain poetic grace which is recalled in her sister. Her early retirement, in 1867, was one of the greatest losses the stage has sustained for the last twenty years."

Kate Terry did not lag superfluous on the stage. She retired in the full flush of popularity to marry Mr. Lewis, of the great firm of Lewis and Allenby. From '67 till last year, 1898, she lived in retirement. She re-appeared at the Globe Theatre with Mr. Hare in Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's play, "The Master," but her re-entry to public life was, seemingly, for this occasion only.

Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, her daughter, is a charming young actress. She has not done a great deal as yet, but all that she has done has been marked by that charm, that appealingness, that graceful femininity which is the badge of all her family. The Terry voice, the Terry expression are hers. With Mr. Hare she has played several parts, always prettily and daintily and with an appreciation of, if not a power of expressing, all that is in them. That this power will come there cannot be a shadow of doubt. She has all the qualities which are necessary to her art. Of her performance of Bella, in Mr. Hare's revival of Robertson's "School," at the Globe, in January, this year, 1899, the present writer said:—"Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis made a distinct advance as the persecuted, gently suffering Bella. She has charm, sensitiveness, natural pathos, a delicious voice and girlish grace and prettiness; she has yet much to learn, but she seems to have the Terry gifts, and what a pleasant prospect that opens out to us."

As Muriel Eden, in Mr. Pinero's comedy, "The Gay Lord Quex," Miss Terry-Lewis, although the nominal heroine, had but small opportunity. But, at least, she showed that one's hopes of her future are not likely to be disappointed.

Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD.

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD made her first appearance on the stage in 1894, when she played Iris in "The Tempest," and Galatea in "Pygmalion and Galatea," at the performances of the Oxford University Dramatic Society. After that, Miss Baird went a-touring with Mr. Ben Greet's company—whence we have derived so many stage recruits—and in her time played many parts. But to Londoners, Miss Dorothea Baird is Trilby, Trilby, in spite of her appearance as the heroine of Mr. Louis Parker's play, "The Happy Life," at the Duke of York's Theatre; in spite of her Phœbe in "As You Like It," at the St. James's; in spite of her charming Diane in "A Court Scandal," at the Court Theatre. And, whatever may be the success in store for her, it is probable that it is of her Trilby we shall tell our grandchildren when we inform them in the usual way that acting *was* acting in our young days.

To an "interviewer," Miss Baird told of the lucky chance which led to her engagement for the part of the heroine of Mr. Du Maurier's play, produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1895—the play which had already become the rage in America. "They published a picture of me as Rosalind in *The Sketch*," she said, "and Mr. Du Maurier saw it, and said that I was what he wanted for 'Trilby.' I happened to be staying with my sister in town, and I remember I had just had influenza, and was lying on the sofa when Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Tree called. I didn't know Mr. Tree, and hadn't an idea what they had come about." Of her appearance at the Haymarket as Trilby, the present writer said in print the next morning:—

> "Trilby has come, and seen, and conquered. Miss Dorothea Baird has all at once arrived unto her kingdom. Cheers and shouts of welcome at the outset greeted the young actress, cheers and shouts of gratification at the end told her that she had accomplished her task. And what a task! To bring to each of us his conception of Trilby—the strange, ethereal, eerie Trilby that Du Maurier drew, the gossamer Trilby of the studio, La Svengali of the opera house. Each of us went to the Haymarket last night with his own ideal—the Trilby of his own imagination, of his own temperament. Du Maurier had drawn for us his Trilby, but each reader of his work had filled in outlines of his own—had given her the attributes and the charm which were to him the requisites of his ideal of a woman he would love. To present to the hundreds of the audience last night—each with his own intangible ideal in his mind—a Trilby who should bring to life this Galatea of our thoughts, carved by the chisel of our imagination, to present to each of us a Trilby who should not offend the half-unconscious standard we had set up of what Trilby should be, to show us this wonderful Trilby so that she should not jar against the preconceived picture that Du Maurier had painted—but to which we had added the finishing touches—to fall short in none of the many perfections with which each one of us had clothed her according to his fancy—that was the task this young actress, Dorothea Baird, had to carry out in making her appearance in the first comedy theatre of the English-speaking world. In justice to Miss Baird we must recognise the magnitude of her undertaking. . . . Her Trilby was joyous, it seemed to us, as her creator meant her to be joyous; she was sad as he pictured her sadness; she showed us the love as Du Maurier meant it to be shown. . . . Her adoration of Little Billee, her self-abasement when she learns that her mode of life is abhorrent to him, her sacrifice to his mother when she relinquishes this passion that is her very soul, her gay abandon when all seems bright, her gentle grief when the clouds gather, the softened gladness of the reunion—all were expressed with a truth, an artlessness so close akin to nature that it might have been Trilby herself whose life was being lived before us. . . . According to the outward manifestations of last night, Miss Dorothea Baird proved herself to have bounded at once into the realms of high art. But the circumstances were unique; it is yet too soon finally to judge."

From the above will be learned the impressions of the moment of a remarkable "first night."

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

Miss LETTY LIND.

Miss LETTY LIND.

WHEN Miss Nellie Farren fell ill after her return from Australia, and was unable to re-appear with her comrades at the Gaiety Theatre in "Cinder-Ellen, or Up-too-Late," her place was taken by Miss Katie James, who gave a very clever performance of the part. But Miss James was required elsewhere, and Mr. George Edwardes had to find another Cinder-Ellen. He chose Miss Letty Lind. It came on us as a shock. We knew Miss Lind as a very charming dancer—sometimes she had spoken half-a-dozen lines or so, in that strange, small little voice of hers. A graceful dancer, yes—but the successor to "Our Nellie"! We were startled; we were also a little supercilious; Mr. Edwardes for once in a way, we thought, had made a mistake. But Mr. Edwardes had done nothing of the sort; he was justified at once; a mild revelation was in store for us. This sylph-like dancer with the tiny voice proved herself to be the possessor of a quality very rare indeed in her sex—she had humour, much humour, a quaint elusive humour; a sly little glance, an obtrusive way of showing that she understood all the fun the authors had provided, perhaps more. From this time onward Miss Lind has never looked back. In piece after piece at the Gaiety, in "Morocco Bound" at the Shaftesbury, where she introduced us to the never-to-be-forgotten "Marguerite of Monte Carlo," in "An Artist's Model," "The Geisha," "A Greek Slave," Miss Lind has gone on from triumph to triumph.

The present writer, in an article in *Country Life*, said of her performance in "The Geisha"—and it is more convincing to quote from an impression of the time than to give an opinion which may be thought to be manufactured for a special occasion—"Mr. George Edwardes once said that if all the popular actresses of every branch of the art were to appear on the stage one after the other, it would be Miss Letty Lind who would secure the most enthusiastic greeting. . . . His opinion will be borne out by that of many of those who constantly frequent the theatres. There is a note of personal enthusiasm in the public applause that invariably greets Miss Lind which has had no equal since the retirement of Miss Nellie Farren and the death of the incomparable Fred Leslie. . . . The charm of Miss Lind, as is the charm of 'The Geisha' itself, is intangible, abstract, indefinable; you cannot say why it is; you can only say it is. Miss Lind has no singing voice, yet it is a delight to listen to her; she dances with wonderful grace, but that cannot account for the degree in which we prefer to watch her rather than others who dance with equal grace. Miss Lind has no great talents as an actress, yet there is nothing that one would have altered."

POSTSCRIPT.

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON has added to his repertoire the character of Ito Arumo, in Mr. B. C. Fernald's Japanese play, "The Moonlight Blossom," produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, since the writing of the "appreciation" which appears in this number. Mr. Robertson enacts the part of a Japanese nobleman in temporary exile, owing to the machinations of his brother, but the character affords the actor little scope and no opportunity to add to his reputation.

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Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis remains, of course, the pretty and engaging, if rather undecided heroine of Mr. Pinero's brilliant comedy, "The Gay Lord Quex," at the Globe Theatre; but in justice it must be said that the charm of the part is the actress's, the indecision the author's. There are no signs at present of the wane of the reign of "The Gay Lord Quex," so that the opportunity is likely to be denied us for some time to come of seeing Miss Terry-Lewis in another character.

* * * *

Miss Letty Lind has, since our monograph was written, appeared at the Alhambra Theatre, singing some of her most popular songs and dancing some of her daintiest dances. This, we believe, is Miss Lind's first appearance on the variety stage, except, perhaps, on isolated occasions at "benefit matinées."

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Portraits of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, as Hamlet, Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Ethel Matthews, and Miss Evelyn Millard will form the contents of the next issue of *Celebrities of the Stage*.

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Part III.

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE as "HAMLET,"

Miss ETHEL MATTHEWS,

Miss EVELYN MILLARD,

Miss KATE RORKE.

Mr. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

HERE we have one of the great actors of the time. Mr. Tree is one of the living, vital forces of our theatre. He has achieved a reputation second to none as an actor and as a manager; he stands on the highest pinnacle of contemporary English dramatic art. He has his weaknesses, his limitations, of course; but he is a great actor, a great manager; a worthy figure in the annals of the Drama—in his way a poet, a creator as well as an interpreter. His versatility is astounding; his personality appealing; his hold on the public as close and as steadfast as that of any actor to-day. He has fought for and won his position as one of the heads of his profession; as a dominating factor in the English Theatre of his generation.

From the Reverend Robert Spalding, in "The Private Secretary," to Hamlet! A whole world is comprised in the gulf which lies between. From Achille Talma Dufard, in "The First Night," to Marc Antony in "Julius Cæsar"! The whole gamut of the emotions, almost every phase of humanity, are embraced between these borders. Demetrius, in "The Red Lamp"; Falstaff, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Gringoire, in "The Ballad Monger"; Svengali, in "Trilby"; Macari, in "Called Back"; Hartfeld, in "Jim the Penman"; The Duke of Guiseberry, in "The Dancing Girl"; Wilding, in "Captain Swift"; Stockmann, in Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People"—the lean, the fat, the bad, the good, the genius, the fool, the suave, the boor, the gallant, the ascetic—all are here; all painted—not, of course, with equal power and conviction—but with insight, feeling, fascination, intellect and loving care. Prodigious variety.

There is an intellectual virility, an untiring earnestness about the man which is irresistibly stimulating. You may see dozens of faults in his work, naturally—but that work always interests you. You are drawn within the vortex of his terrific vitality. Whatever Mr. Tree is doing he is dying to do something else. If his play is a huge success and is running into its hundreds of nights, he begins to kick against the traces, he sighs for new parts to study. He loves rehearsals—that, to an actor, will express volumes.

Mr. Tree, during his management of the Comedy, Haymarket, and now, Her Majesty's Theatre, has done much for the English drama. He has given native dramatists a chance. He, it was, who "discovered" Haddon Chambers and produced "Captain Swift." Plays by Messrs. Henry Arthur Jones, Sydney Grundy, Robert Buchanan, Louis N. Parker, and other prominent contemporary writers have formed the mainstay of his management. Yet he has not neglected the classics or the foreign stage. His productions of "Henry IV.", "The Merry Wives," and, most important of all, so far, the wonderful and inspiring "Julius Cæsar," which almost marked an epoch in the interpretation of Shakespeare; of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People," and Mæterlinck's "L' Intruse," prove this. Nor has he scrupled to dally with the unprofitable for the sake of the artistic. He produced "Beau Austin," by Mr. W. E. Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson; he has had wordy warfare with the Censor, who has refused to allow him to perform the "Œdipus Tyrannus," of Sophocles. He has played "L'Aventurière" in French, and "Hamlet" in German, in Berlin.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the novelist, said in *Lippincott's Magazine*, in 1895 :—

> "It is a common thing to say of Mr. Tree that he is singularly versatile; but the word *versatile* has, to me, always the feeling of smartness, of juggling with the talents, as it were; it does not express continuity, consistency, the force of a masterful temperament; and the force of a masterful temperament—searching, glowing, attractive—is the thing concerning this outstanding man which should be sent illustratively through this article. I want to give the idea of a man who has an individuality which must be taken into large account; an idiosyncrasy in his art which is at once a style and an impulse; a stage manner which is not a mannerism even when it comes at times near to the fantastical, but is rather a kind of idiom of—shall I say the word?—genius."

Mr. Tree's power of delineating character is exemplified by his power of "make up." With the few simplest touches he transforms himself. This is but the outward sign of an inward power. He seems to change himself with every part. Not only the features, but the expression of his face, is changed; his voice is changed, his walk, the set of his shoulders. Says Mr. Arthur Goddard, in his book, *Players of the Period* :—

> "He is a veritable chameleon. Alike in stage physique and dramatic psychology he is constantly changing with absolute completeness and apparent absence of effort. The gods have been good to him, giving him just the physical and mental attributes of an ideal actor. Even his defects are helpful from the histrionic standpoint. Upon his thin colourless face he can paint just what picture he may need. Only the clear, glittering light blue eyes betray his identity."

Mr. Tree began his career as an amateur, and was a member of the club styling itself the "Irrationals," and his first professional engagement was to play at the Town Hall, Hythe, after which he acted the part of the blind Colonel Challice, in "Alone," at Folkestone; the characters he has assumed since are too many to be catalogued. He has played Andrew Aguecheek, in "The Twelfth Night"; Lambert Streyke, in "The Colonel"; in 1882 he was appearing in light comedy at the Criterion; in the next year he made one of the greatest of his earlier successes, Borowski, in Mr. Grundy's "Glass of Fashion"; he assumed various characters at the Prince of Wales's, and that of Joseph Surface is one of the parts in his classical repertory. Sir Mervyn Ferrand, in "Dark Days"; Prince Zabouroff, in "Nadjesda"; Iago; the dual-characters of Luversan and Laroque, in "A Man's Shadow"; King John; the Abbé Dubois, in "A Village Priest"—all added to the rapidly-growing reputation of the present manager of the beautiful theatre in the Haymarket.

From time to time Mr. Tree has dropped into polemics, and has generally more than held his own. For years he waged war against the then most potent of dramatic critics, and never flinched. His essays on his art have always been luminous, cultured, epigrammatic.

To him, of course, as to all great actors, Hamlet is the apple of his eye. His Hamlet did not please everybody; different kinds of people found different faults with it. But, on the other hand, it appealed very forcibly to many well qualified to judge. It was a dreamy Hamlet, a poetic Hamlet. Mr. Gilbert Parker, a gifted littérateur, though not a professional critic, said of it :—

> "They will see also in his playing of 'Hamlet' how much he depends upon himself as a sensitive, physical machine, governed by a singularly poetic temperament, for the general human effect of the character, as against the attempts of some notable men to be distinguished in certain portions of the play and epic altogether, thereby making 'Hamlet' a play-house for fine readings, splendid elocution, and occasional outbursts of passion. There is in Mr. Tree's temperament a subtle eerie quality, entirely his own, elusive to him who would imitate its signs, often thrilling, now and then fantastical, here and there reaching *diablerie*, and in all richly endowing his acting with force, colour, manner, and—shall I say it?—unexpectedness."

Those who are following Mr. Tree's artistic development, are anxiously awaiting the time when he shall play Shylock in a splendid presentation of "The Merchant of Venice," at Her Majesty's Theatre.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

From a Photograph by *Alfred Ellis, Baker Street, W.*

Miss KATE RORKE.

Miss KATE RORKE.

MISS KATE RORKE is sweetness personified—give her to play a typical English girl, swayed by tender emotions, and she will bring tears to the eyes with a tone of her sympathetic voice. London is true to Kate Rorke; it is always glad to see her name "in the bill," and Miss Rorke is true to London. She is not a tragedy queen, she has never tried to be; the grand passions do not in her find their highest expression. But gentle sorrow, womanly grief, happy laughter and modest joy have no truer exponent than she. Who will forget the sweet and simple Sophia, the beloved of Tom Jones? Miss Rorke seemed to have stepped straight out from the pages of Fielding, vivified through the agency of Mr. Robert Buchanan, who brought the scent—purified and chastened—of the immortal romance over the foot-lights.

This was one of Miss Rorke's greatest achievements during her reign as heroine at the Vaudeville, when Mr. Tom Thorne held command there. The natural pendant to "Sophia" was "Joseph's Sweetheart"; after the dainty lady-love of the reprobate Jones came the charming maiden who was the apple of the eye of the immaculate Andrews. They were companion pictures, instinct with winsome girlishness and freshness and charm.

The Observer, speaking of the performance, which took place on March 8th, 1888, said:—

> "No more gentle and captivating Fanny Goodwill could be desired than Miss Kate Rorke. Her unstudied timidity, her real terror when beset by the libertine Fellamar, her anxious flutterings when her lover goes to face the foe in a cause she dares not say is unjust, are all indicative of a talent for sympathetic acting which is as rare as it is artistic."

At the same theatre she played the part of Lucy Robins, in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "Heart of Hearts." "Miss Rorke," a popular critic told us, "never acted more gracefully or with greater power than as Lucy Robins. The charming ingenuousness of her attempts to ingratiate herself with her proud mother-in-law, her tenderness towards her betrothed, and her utter despair when unable to clear herself from the terrible imputation cast upon her, were triumphs of art."

Perhaps the period to which Miss Rorke looks back with most pleasure is that when she was associated with Mr. John Hare during his spirited and ambitious management at the Garrick Theatre. Here it was that she played the heroine in Mr. A. W. Pinero's plays, "The Profligate," and "Lady Bountiful"; in Mr. Grundy's "A Pair of Spectacles," "A Fool's Paradise," "An Old Jew," and "Slaves of the Ring"; in Mr. Carton's "Robin Goodfellow"; in a revival of "Diplomacy"; and in reproductions of "Caste" and "Money."

Another character which Miss Rorke played with infinite sweetness, was that of St. Hulda, in Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's blank-verse play, "The Sin of St. Hulda," at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The severe Mr. Archer said of this:—"Miss Kate Rorke was delightful as Hulda. The sincerity in unreality which the part demands is quite in Miss Rorke's way. She spoke the lines admirably, and expressed to perfection the wistful other-worldliness of the character." She appeared with Mr. Tree in "The Seats of the Mighty," and in a revival of "The Red Lamp," at Her Majesty's; at Drury Lane, as the heroine of "The White Heather"; and at various playhouses as the Queen in Mr. Henry Hamilton's version of "The Three Musketeers."

Among the many other important parts played by Miss Rorke are Rachel McCreery, in "Held by the Enemy," at the Vaudeville; and Grace Harkaway, in a matinée of "London Assurance," at the Avenue.

Miss EVELYN MILLARD.

> "In Miss Evelyn Millard Mr. Hope has found his ideal heroine. Her womanly manliness is irresistible; her terrified bravado delicious. Such a pretty figure she cuts in her coat and breeches; such an appealing way she has; such spirit and vivacity. And when she is going to fight she stands right up and looks him straight in the face, with never a tremor. Then comes the re-action, and she cries with joy because he loves her. It is all so charmingly done—with such freshness, such girlish impulsiveness. There is spontaneity in every action, yet an artistic restraint which tempers all. Miss Millard has made a great bound forward. After this there is nothing else she cannot dare."

SO said the present writer on October 12th, 1898, the morning after the production at the Duke of York's Theatre of Mr. Anthony Hope's comedy, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula"; and elsewhere he expressed the wish and the belief that Miss Millard, "surely after this, will show us a Rosalind which will take the town by storm." How great a change, how rapid an improvement must this young actress have shown, for in 1895—but three years previously—we find one of our leading critics saying of her performance of Rosamund, in Mr. Grundy's masterly play, "Sowing the Wind," at the Comedy Theatre:—

> In the revival of "Sowing the Wind," the part of Rosamund was taken by Miss Evelyn Millard, who came very well out of the severe test of following Miss Winifred Emery at so brief an interval. Miss Millard has feeling, intelligence, and charm; what she lacks as yet is the art of indicating the processes of thought which lie behind her utterance. Her words seem to flow easily and evenly from the surface of her mind, not to force their way up, through devious and intricate channels, from the hidden springs of her character. She accompanies them with appropriate and graceful manifestations of emotion, but we feel it to be the emotion of a reciter touched by her theme rather than that of a woman living through a heart-rending experience. What we see is not Rosamund suffering, but Miss Millard sympathising with Rosamund's sufferings. I admit, however, that it is rather unfair to apply this supersubtle analysis to so charming a performance.

Yet, even with its limitations, this is praise, indeed, from a foremost judge for a young actress of so few years' standing as Miss Millard, playing a great part in which she followed a great actress.

Divinely tall, and most divinely—dark, with many winning ways and feminine fascinations, with an appealing voice and more than a dash of coquetry—Miss Evelyn Millard—it required no very pronounced prescience to know—could not be held back when once she got her chance. She might not have availed herself of it to the full; but her personality, her charm, her beauty, were bound to carry all before them. When we first saw her in 1893, in Adelphi melodrama, "The Black Domino," though there was no scope for acting, and though Mrs. Patrick Campbell was in the cast, we were interested in Miss Millard, and our eyes observed her, because she evidently had intelligence and earnestness—but more because she had beauty, elegance of bearing, "personality."

So we watched her, following closely the improvements in her art due to the growth of experience, confidence, and knowledge of her own powers. We saw her play Mrs. Campbell's part in "The Masqueraders," during its revival at St. James's, and admired the many touches of graceful femininity with which she endowed it, though the full force of the tempestuous card-playing scene and the tornado of womanly rage which immediately preceded it, were as yet beyond her. As Mary Brasier, in "Guy Domville"; as Cecily, in "The Importance of Being Earnest," we noted her growing "feeling" for the stage, and when she became the second Second Mrs. Tanqueray, when she followed Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the character of the astonishing Paula, which Mrs. Campbell had made her own, we found the young actress attractive and most satisfying. She could not, of course, put all into it that Mrs. Campbell put, her individuality did not fit the character like a glove, as did that of the lady who "created" the part, but she acted with natural truth, with sensitiveness and sensibility, and, as an acute writer observed, "she did not 'play for the laugh' as both Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Kendal insisted on doing."

As Lois, in Mr. Esmond's clever though unsuccessful play, "The Divided Way," she upheld her growing reputation in a difficult character, and then came the delightful, alluring Princess Flavia, in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Playgoers will not easily forget the gracious and loveable woman Miss Millard there presented to us; a lady truly royal, yet truly human; regal, but full of sympathy; yielding herself to love with a sweet weakness which captivated a good many besides the unfortunate Rassendyll. It was a gracious and graceful picture, full of womanliness and tenderness, spirit and dignity.

Then Miss Millard left the St. James's and joined Mr. Tree at Her Majesty's, where she made her first appearance in "The Silver Key," by Mr. Grundy, playing prettily and daintily the not very exacting part of Gabrielle, Mlle. de Belle Isle, the heroine. Then came Calpurnia, in the great revival of "Julius Cæsar," and Nanny, in "Ragged Robin," in neither of which parts was there much chance for distinction. Now there is "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," which has sent a young actress, one whose years upon the stage are very few, into the very first rank, and established a reputation of which she should be very proud.

From a Photograph by *Alfred Ellis, Baker Street, W.*

MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W*

MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.

Miss ETHEL MATTHEWS.

MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS has lent vivacity and sprightliness to many plays by imbuing minor parts therein with spirit and "go," to use an ugly word for which there is no exact synonym. Added to which, Miss Matthews is pretty and debonair, and these qualities are always acceptable on the stage. She has, moreover, quite a graceful touch as a comedienne, and so is always a graceful figure "on the boards."

Miss Matthews played the part of Violet Armitage, in "Nerves," at the Comedy Theatre; Lucy Norton, in the highly successful "Jane," at the same house; Mildred, in a revival of "Aunt Jack," at the Court; Charlotte, in a revival of Mr. Pinero's delightful farce, "The Magistrate," at Terry's; Marion Buttenshaw, in "Bogey," at the St. James's; and Césarine de Nocé, in "A Court Scandal," at the Court. To all of these she gave brightness and pleasantness; Miss Matthews is always an attraction in light comedy.

POSTSCRIPT.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE has produced "King John" with every sign of success. It is a worthy and artistic addition to the repertoire of Her Majesty's Theatre, an honourable successor to "Julius Cæsar." Mr. Tree's performance of John adds but little to his reputation, for the character allows him no scope to go beyond his previous efforts. The craft and the subtlety and the cruelty of the man he expresses, of course, to admiration; but, after all, we have seen Mr. Tree's interpretation of these qualities before. But as much as there is in the part Mr. Tree brings out. No actor could do more. Between "Julius Cæsar" and "King John" was a play of modern Indian life, by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, entitled "Carnac Sahib," in which Mr. Tree played Colonel Carnac. The character gave him no chance of distinguishing himself.

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The appearance of Miss Evelyn Millard as Glory Quayle in Mr. Hall Caine's adaptation from his novel, "The Christian," shortly to be produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, is awaited with much interest, for the character should give her the chance of displaying more passion and modernity of emotion than she has had the opportunity of showing us before.

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Portraits of Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Edna May, and Miss Maud Jeffries will form the contents of the next issue of *Celebrities of the Stage*.

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Part IV.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT as "HAMLET,"

Miss MAUD JEFFRIES in "The Manxman,"

Miss EDNA MAY in "The Belle of New York,"

Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

"A GAME OF SEE-SAW" would not be an inappropriate title for the life drama of Mr. Wilson Barrett—the drama, that is, so far as it is written, for there are many more acts yet to come. Fame and fortune have alternated with obscurity and disappointment in a fashion most extraordinary even for a follower of Thespis, the most capricious mistress in the world. Now, when it seems that he has, once and for ever, set his foot firmly on the rock of prosperity, he and we can look back without regret on the wonderful ups and downs in the career of one of the most popular actors of our time. But, through all his struggles and his trials, when fortune smiled and when she wept, Mr. Barrett has been true to one ideal; never has he wavered in treading his thorny path, a Christian in a theatrical "Pilgrim's Progress." To maintain to the utmost of his power the best traditions of the Drama, to do nothing unworthy even when the unworthy might have meant the restoration of his fallen fortunes, has been the motto of his professional life; and, though the achievement might sometimes fail to reach the conception, Mr. Barrett's stage work will always be a model for those who come after him.

Now, when he is at the top of the tree, when he has had a success so great that it well might dazzle him, when he has achieved as a dramatist a triumph which dramatists greatly his superior in every branch of the craft can hardly hope to emulate in our generation, when "The Sign of the Cross" has captivated three Continents, secured a phenomenal hold on the centre of sceptical and frivolous London itself, wrung praise from the Church for the Stage it once anathematised so cordially, he can look back on the obscurity and the dethronement which followed his lengthy and glorious reign at the Princess's Theatre, more with wonder than with pain. And yet it was a most extraordinary experience, the most extraordinary, probably, which has ever befallen so prominent a leader in the dramatic world as was Mr. Barrett when he was the lessee and manager of the famous playhouse in Oxford Street, the reputation of which he raised to something approaching that which it held when Kean reigned there, from the Slough of Despond which had engulphed it for very many years.

Holding a position as actor and manager in the capital of Anglo-Saxondom, second only to that of Mr. Henry Irving himself—and, after his production of "Hamlet" regarded by many as a worthy rival to him—after a long continuance of brilliant successes, which included "The Silver King"—a melodrama which marked the beginning of a new era; "Claudian," the wonderful and uneven "Claudian"; "Clito," and a representation of "Hamlet" which caused more heated discussion than any of recent times—not to mention many other plays only less important and less worthy—Mr. Barrett suddenly descended from his high estate to the position of a travelling manager in the provinces, forgotten by London, the scene of his triumphs, condemned for many years to wander here and there, artistically homeless, a strolling player. It was an extraordinary metamorphosis, brought about by a disastrous season of failures at the Princess's Theatre. Yet these very failures were, in a measure, to his credit. He failed, not by grovelling too low, but by soaring too high; his ambition o'erleaped itself; he wanted to lead the public to heights they had no wish to climb; but the mountain tops were more often than not dull and uninteresting, cloudy and ill-defined.

Yet, through all these years of banishment, Mr. Barrett's spirit never failed him; he worked and worked and worked, he visited America, he left no stone unturned to repair his fallen fortunes. Worse than all, he was not working wholly for the future, his energies were given to paying the debts of the past. The experience of Mr. Barrett was, in a minor way, the experience of Sir Walter Scott.

The marvellous triumphs of "The Sign of the Cross" are too well known to need repetition. We in London heard rumours of a wonderful new play which was causing a sensation in the country. We heard that it was a "religious" play, and we shrugged our shoulders. That sort of thing might be all very well for the unsophisticated provincials, but it would never do in enlightened London. The result is well known. It came, saw, and conquered, and London fell as completely beneath its sway as the rest of the world—including Australia—which has given Mr. Barrett an enthusiastic welcome. From the merely money-making point of view "The Sign of the Cross" has created a record. It is not a great work of art, but it is a colossal work of heart, and therein lies its power.

Mr. Barrett, after a "stock" apprenticeship in the country, made his first appearance in London at the Standard Theatre, Bishopsgate, as Tom Robinson, in "It's Never Too Late to Mend." He played at Drury Lane under the management of F. B. Chatterton, and in 1879 became the lessee of the Court Theatre, which he opened with a version of Sardou's "Fernande." He it was who first brought Mr. Henry Arthur Jones into prominence as a dramatist, and introduced to the English stage Madame Modjeska. His first conspicuous success was as Mercutio to the Romeo of Mr. Forbes Robertson. Mr. Barrett married Miss Heath, the celebrated actress, who died some years ago.

Mr. Barrett, as an actor, holds a place of his own. Since the time, when at eighteen years of age, he began his career at Halifax, during the period when he was the director of the Court Theatre, where he succeeded Mr. John Hare, all through his management of the Princess's, where he gave us the most daringly original Hamlet of our time, his manly, robust, yet thoughtful and poetic method has showed him an artist to the core. This brief record cannot hope to do justice to a life so varied, so earnest, and so full; all that one can hope to do is to give a glimpse of the lights and shades of the career of an actor of whom we are all very proud.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W*

MR. WILSON BARRETT.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W*

MISS MAUD JEFFRIES.

Miss MAUD JEFFRIES.

MORE to her beauty than to any remarkable powers as an actress, more to a fascinating spirituality and a certain appealing quality of voice than to commanding histrionic ability, Miss Maud Jeffries owes the firm hold she took at once on the affections and admiration of London playgoers. Such a statement requires instant qualification lest a wrongful impression be created. Miss Jeffries is as far removed from the merely "fashionable beauty" who takes to the stage as an additional means to court flattery and notoriety, whose intelligence is in inverse ratio to her physical attractions—Miss Jeffries is as far removed from these theatrical excrescences as she is removed from the theatrical genius of an Ellen Terry, a Bernhardt, or a Réjane. For she has earnestness, feeling, sympathy, talent of an essentially womanly and attractive order. Hers is a very delightful charm of femininity; she is an ideal Mercia, an ideal Mona; in fact, an ideal representative of all that is gentle, loving, suffering; she can portray the April emotions, soft sunshine and tremulous shadow; the storms and the tropical blaze are beyond her reach. One would like to see Miss Jeffries play Esther Eccles in "Caste"; one cannot imagine her a Lady Macbeth or a Madame Sans-Gêne.

Miss Jeffries is an American, a Southerner; and, like Miss Mary Anderson, is not credited with any passionate fondness for her profession. The daughter of a wealthy cotton planter, she found the family property heavily encumbered, and set out boldly to retrieve the fortunes of her family. Her heart is at home in Dixie, with its simple rural joys; the glitter and excitement of the stage are merely the means to an end. Were it necessary to find an example of a woman utterly unspoiled by the nature of her calling—retiring, hating publicity, the "interviewer" and all his works, were it necessary to bring forward proof to any Puritan, of an actress who remains a sweet and gentle woman, I suppose there would be none more convincing than Miss Maud Jeffries. Constitutionally delicate, with a voice requiring constant care, she seizes every opportunity to escape from the stage to the plantation in the valley of the Mississippi.

Miss Jeffries was fortunate in the medium chosen for her London *début*. If there were one character which best could display the spirituality of her appearance and method, the soft and appealing nature of her acting, it surely is the tender Christian martyr in "The Sign of the Cross." To those who have seen her, it seems impossible to imagine anyone else in the character, or any other character which would become her so well. The air of aloofness about her—a sort of indefinable difference, a half-rapt manner, a suggestion of seeing beyond—fit the part of the gentle Mercia exactly. Her simple, unaffected style, her quiet and natural use of voice and gesture, give one a sense of repose and calmness which not even poignant pathos can disturb. Even in the acute sentiment of Kirrie, the heroine of the "Manxman," this effect is gained, and one is impressed that Miss Jeffries is acting without effort or exertion of any kind. It is for this reason that the larger emotions would be beyond her power; neither physically or temperamentally, one feels, could Miss Jeffries reach them.

Her first professional appearance was made in the company of Mr. Augustin Daly, under whose management she played in New York in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "As You Like It." Shortly afterwards she joined Mr. Wilson Barrett's company, and played a large number of small parts in the works of his repertory. Her London *début* was made at the Olympic; and when, soon afterwards, she received the offer to undertake the chief characters in his productions, it was long ere she found the courage to accept it.

Miss EDNA MAY.

WITHOUT the gifts of Miss Phyllis Rankin, either as a histrionic or a vocal artist, Miss Edna May, the "Belle of New York," proved metal quite as attractive to the British public. One feels, somehow, that she is the possessor of no great powers as an actress, one knows that her voice is of no unusual quality or range. Yet, nevertheless, Miss Edna May, from the moment she appeared on the stage, was a colossal success. Once more, in her, we see how "personality" in acting overrides everything else. Without it, the greatest artist is a mere handicraftsman, and never reaches popularity; with it, mediocre art is glorified and basks in the sunshine of public favour. When the two are united, a genius is born.

Miss Edna May is very pretty, very fragile looking, very sweet and gentle. Her attractions are those which make a woman attractive on or off the stage. She just "walks through" her part, warbles unpretentiously, dances without effort, gracefully, but not particularly skilfully—and London bows down and worships. One is sure that in every part she will play, Miss May will be just the same—she does not act, she simply goes through her work, conscientiously and well, but without anything to show any great amount of talent or sparkle. Her personality, her magnetism, do the rest.

As the Salvation girl in "The Belle of New York," she first appears in the conventional uniform—a little idealised—with downcast head, and a moment later she sings. Before that song was finished her success was certain, her English reputation was secure. This is part of her song—

And I therefore cannot see,
When I go out to preach,
Why men must say to me
That I'm a perfect peach.
I always try to indicate the way
That leads to sweetest virtue.
For if from the righteous path you stray,
Then Satan he will hurt you.
But when young men profess
That the light of faith they see,
They never proceed to follow that light,
They always follow me.

Miss May tells with pleasure how her Manager chose her from among the chorus to play the leading part in "The Belle of New York," in America. His judgment has been fully justified.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MISS EDNA MAY.

From a Photograph by *H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.*

Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.

Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.

IN Miss Irene Vanbrugh we have one of the most distinguished of comediennes. That much can be said without fear of contradiction. Though her upward career has been, in rapidity, akin to that of the rocket, there is no fear whatever of her coming down like a stick. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who is a sister of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and a daughter of the late Prebendary Barnes, has a sprightliness, a verve, a quick intelligence which mark her out as an actress of comedy in which she has very few equals. In addition to this she is the fortunate possessor of that rare quality we call "style," seen in so few actors or actresses of the younger generation. And, like all real comediennes, she has just that touch of pathos which makes the whole world akin.

So far, Rose Trelawney, of the "Wells," transcends all other characters in the repertoire of Miss Vanbrugh. As the "leading lady" of the Bagnigge-Wells Theatre, in Mr. Pinero's play, "Trelawney of the 'Wells,'" she showed that she has an acute sense of character, a nimble humour, and a pretty sentiment. She can portray the high spirits of the hoyden and the quiet sense of fun of the woman of the world with equal facility. In modern farce, such as Mr. Arthur Bourchier gave us at the Royalty—"The Chili Widow," for instance; in whimsical comedy, such as "His Excellency the Governor," at the Court, Miss Vanbrugh is altogether charming; there is finish and thought as well as fun in her acting. Mr. Frankfort Moore's clever little costume play, "Kitty Clive," at the Royalty, found in her a dainty and a roguish heroine.

One of these days, perhaps, Miss Vanbrugh will give us the opportunity of seeing her as Lady Teazle. That, if one is not very much disappointed, will not prove beyond her.

Among other characters impersonated by Miss Vanbrugh have been Thea, in Mr. J. M. Barrie's skit on Ibsenism, "Ibsen's Ghost, or Toole Up to Date," at Toole's Theatre, in 1891; Eugenia, in Mr. Zangwill's "Six Persons," at the Haymarket, in 1892; Fanny, in Mr. Henry James's "Guy Domville," at the St. James's, in 1894; Gwendolen, in "The Importance of Being Earnest," at the same theatre, in the same year; Miss Grantham, in Foote's comedy, "The Liar," at the Royalty, in 1895; Ellen Braceingdle, in "Our Hostess," a perversion of Goldoni's "La Lacondiera" (in the original of which Mme. Duse played the same, but a very different, part), at the Kilburn Theatre; and Vivian, in Mr. Lumley's "Belle Belair" at the Avenue, in 1896.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the writing of the monograph of Mr. Wilson Barrett, he has appeared at the Lyceum Theatre in a revival of "The Silver King" and "The Sign of the Cross." In conjunction with Mr. Louis N. Parker, he has also produced a new play, "Man and His Makers," at the same theatre, in which he played the part of John Radleigh, Q.C., a successful barrister who for a time falls a victim to the opium habit, and temporarily descends to such a depth of poverty that he is reduced to seek his repose on a bench in St. James's Park.

* * * *

Miss Irene Vanbrugh has made the greatest success of her career in "The Gay Lord Quex," Mr. Pinero's play, at the Globe Theatre. She has sprung all at once into the ranks of the leading actresses of our day. Her assumption of the character of Sophie Fullgarney, the vulgar little Cockney with a thin veneer of refinement, who conducts a manicure and toilette establishment in Bond Street, has been unanimously regarded as masterly, and the spirit and vigour and naturalness of her acting in the famous third act of the comedy, when she has a duel of wit and words with Lord Quex, had much to do with the phenomenal success of the piece.

* * * *

Miss Maud Jeffries made a great advance as an actress in "Man and His Makers" at the Lyceum. In this she did not play her usual part of the young and gentle heroine, but of a beautiful lady of the half-world, won over to purity and goodness by her hopeless love for Radleigh. In this, Miss Jeffries showed us that she has wider powers than some imagined; there were character, individuality, strength and versatility in her playing as Jane Humphries.

* * * *

Miss Edna May continues to be "the subject of all the town talk" in "The Belle of New York," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and, at the time of writing, there is no sign that her talents will be taxed in any other direction for many months to come.

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The portraits in the next issue of *Celebrities of the Stage* will be those of Miss Florence St. John, Mr. Robert Taber, Miss Phyllis Rankin and Miss Ada Rehan.

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Part V.

Mr. ROBERT TABER as MACDUFF,

Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN as GERMAINE,
in "Les Cloches de Corneville,"

Miss ADA REHAN as LADY TEAZLE,

Miss PHYLLIS RANKIN as FIFI,
in "The Belle of New York."

Mr. ROBERT TABER.

IN Mr. Forbes Robertson's pictorially beautiful, but artistically deficient, revival of "Macbeth" at the Lyceum Theatre in August, 1898, one figure stood out—that of Macduff, played by Mr. Robert Taber. In a review of the performance at the time, the present writer said:—"In recording the fact that Mr. Robert Taber made, perhaps, the acting triumph of the evening, one must apportion the praise fairly and give Shakespeare his due. For Macduff is by far the most human figure in the tragedy, and his lament for the wife and children lost is one of the most pathetic things not only in this play, but in all Shakespeare. Nevertheless, Mr. Taber well deserved his thunderous round of applause, for he drew from the lines all their beauty, and the affecting little pause was all his own. One could not imagine the beautiful lines—

I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man. . . .

more tenderly delivered. Here, and throughout, Mr. Taber proved how wise a choice Sir Henry Irving made when he gave Mr. Taber a place of honour in his company."

Mr. Taber is an American. He accompanied Sir Henry Irving to England after the last tour taken by Sir Henry through the United States. He made a personal success as the son of Peter the Great, in Mr. Laurence Irving's play of that name produced at the Lyceum.

Mr. Taber is only at the beginning of his career. He has all the qualities which go to make the great actor—earnestness, strength, sincerity, fine elocution, and a sufficient presence.

From a Photograph by *J. Caswall Smith, 305, Oxford Street, W.*

MR. ROBERT TABER.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

HERE we have one of the really great figures of the stage in our own times. Miss Florence St. John is, in her own sphere, a great artist. She has won for herself a position which is absolutely unchallenged. There have been light opera singers who have sung as delightfully as she, light opera actresses whose acting has been as fascinating as hers; but there has been none other in our time uniting in herself all the charms and all the gifts of Miss Florence St. John. With a voice of velvet quality, so much sympathy, so much pathos, so much fun and so much devilment; a manner insouciant, saucy, sweet, and womanly; a comedian without rival in her own particular style; so bright and sensitive and humourous and pathetic in her acting, that, even had she not been a singer, as an actress she would have been in the very front rank—Miss St. John has had so many triumphs in so many different spheres, that one wonders if there remains any worlds left for her to conquer. Yes, there is one. We are promised that she will appear as Madame Sans-Gêne, in a comic opera yet to see the light. That should be delightful. Miss St. John is Sans-Gêne: she is the ideal actress for the part.

Who will forget the furore caused by her appearance in "Madame Favart" at the Strand Theatre? London fell down and worshipped, men and women. She was the idol of the hour, and she has retained her pride of place ever since in the affections of the public. What a cast it was—Miss St. John, Miss Violet Cameron, Mr. Henry Bracy, Mr. Ashley, M. Marius, and the rest. What a night for author, composer, artists—that night which first saw "Favart" in London. It was wonderful. Who will forget the fairy-like figure of Florence St. John as she floated through the evening, trilling like a nightingale? It was one of the great nights of the stage, though one is not supposed so to dub anything that is not tragedy.

From burlesque to the highest form of light opera, Miss St. John is equally at home in all. To the most frivolous form of entertainment she gives a charm which appeals to the cultivated musician as to the merest laughter-seeker. The tenderest love ballad and the merriest jingle obtain at her hands their fullest value. The musician will tell you that her voice has a wonderful range, a sweetness in the "upper register," a mellowness in the "lower," but rarely possessed by any except the great singers of grand opera, and not very often by them. The ordinary theatre-goer will say that Miss St. John charms and amuses him as he is but seldom charmed and amused.

In "Faust Up-to-Date," "Carmen Up-to-Data," and "In Town," at the Gaiety; in "Les Cloches de Corneville," "The Grand Duchess," "La Mascotte," "La Perichole," and many other famous comic operas, Miss St. John has played the principal part, and played it to perfection from every point of view.

Miss ADA REHAN.

HOW strange it seems at this time of day—when English people recognise Miss Ada Rehan as one of the world's great dramatic artists of her time—to know that her first appearance among us caused no flutter of excitement, no recognition of her wonderful gifts; that she came and went away again without making more than an ordinary impression. Yet so it was; and, really, we were not so entirely to blame as it might appear on the surface. Mr. Augustin Daly, the manager responsible for the American company of which she is the bright, particular star, must at least bear his share of the reproach. For he presented her in the merest flim-flam, in those somewhat invertebrate adaptations of German farces which were then the leading "line" of his stock-in-trade. A diamond merchant might just as well have set in Brummagem tinsel one of his gems of rarest water. And so it was that Miss Ada Rehan, though admired as a clever actress, left England after her first visit, with nothing more than an upper middle-class reputation.

Mr. Davenport Adams, writing in the *Theatre*, says:—

> Mr. Augustin Daly's Company of Comedians first appeared in England at Toole's Theatre in 1884. They did not make, on that occasion, any very marked impression upon metropolitan playgoers, though here and there a critic recognised their peculiar merits, and expounded and approved them in a hearty fashion. Still, the reception given to them was cordial enough to induce Mr. Daly to bring them over again two years later—in 1886, when they were domiciled at the Strand Theatre. There they grew greatly in the estimation of the public. In 1884 they had nothing better to give us than "Casting the Boomerang" and "Dollars and Sense," which were too slight in texture to have any permanent effect.

In 1886 their chief wares were "A Night Off" and "Nancy and Co.," bright and lively trifles enough—but trifles merely—no fit vehicle for the genius of an Ada Rehan. "The Country Girl" was a little better; the British public had not yet woke up, but it was rubbing its eyes; Peggy, the Country Girl, had tapped at the bedroom door. And Hippolyta, the heroine of "She Would and She Wouldn't," seconded Peggy's efforts.

The third visit of Mr. Daly's company was made in 1888—at the Gaiety. "The Railroad of Love," another airy piece of pleasantry, did not help matters much. Then came "The Taming of the Shrew." Let Mr. Adams speak once again:—

> . . . But the main benefaction was the presentation to us, in the person of Miss Ada Rehan, of a new Shakesperian actress of the finest gifts, the most delightful powers—the only really adequate Katherine that had been seen upon the English stage in the memory of middle-aged enthusiasts. . . . This, as we all confessed, with joy in our souls and rapture at our pen-points, was an ideal performance—unassailable in conception, superb in execution. From the moment this Katherine came storming in upon the scene, making one of the most magnificent "entrances" on record, to that other moment in which she spoke the beautiful lecture to Bianca—beautiful, that is, in the way in which it was enunciated—she held our hearts and judgments in her hands. Here was not only a delightful impersonation, but a charming personality—a personality full of individuality, fascination, glamour.

Warm as this language is, it is not a whit too warm. London "rose" at Ada Rehan; those who were privileged to be present on that astonishing first-night, will echo all that Mr. Adams has said. She whom we had known as a charming comedy actress and nothing more, sprang all at once into fame. The delicious qualities of voice and gesture remained, the spontaneity and originality of method, but added to these were the qualities of tragic passion, superb emotion—the soul of great acting.

So, when, in 1890, Mr. Daly came again, and announced that "As You Like It" would be revived, the idea of seeing Miss Rehan as Rosalind, filled us with ardour, with a fever of expectancy. Surely, we thought, here *is* Rosalind, stepped out from the very brain of Shakespeare; the poet's gift of prescience was greater even than we thought—he knew that an Ada Rehan was to be born. That was what we thought from the knowledge we had gained. And, although the perfection we looked for, was not, perhaps, attained; although there were moments in it which did not appeal to all—different moments to different people, which only goes to prove that there is no such thing as perfection, that it is not an exact term when applied to mundane things, for what is perfect to one is not to another—moments in which some thought her Rosalind too comic, too unrestrained, just a little lacking in refinement, inferior to that of Adelaide Neilson, Marie Litton, Miss Ellen Terry, and others, yet its charm, its spirit, its tenderness were acclaimed on almost all hands, and the reputation of America's greatest actress was fixed and consolidated in insular and conservative England.

Among a host of characters in plays of no permanent importance, Miss Rehan has enacted here the parts of Maid Marian, in Tennyson's "The Foresters," and Viola, in "Twelfth Night." In each of these she displayed all the gracious femininity and wonderful charm, the pretty pathos and the buoyant humour which first brought us to her feet. Her Viola was a dream of winsome womanhood. As Julia, in "The Hunchback," Miss Rehan created no marked impression—but then the character, like the play, is woefully unreal—and as Lady Teazle, she was quite out of her element. The other Julia, too, she of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," was not one of her great achievements; but Helena, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," was delightful. In America Miss Rehan has played Prince Hal, in "King Henry IV.", but we are rather glad that Mr. Daly did not take this liberty with Shakespeare in this old-fashioned country. If ever there was an essentially masculine character, it is that of Prince Hal.

Miss Ada Rehan was born in Ireland, and was taken to America when only five years old. She was but thirteen, when she undertook the part of Clara in "Across the Continent," in New Jersey, and her first appearance in New York was in 1873, in a piece called "Thoroughbred." Mr. Huntly McCarthy, apostrophising Miss Rehan, takes the opportunity to remind us that she is an Irishwoman:—

> They say in that green island of my sires,
> Where silver Shannon, widening, spreads away
> To the great ocean, you beheld the day;
> That from the city of the holy spires,
> Where, long ago, the wild Druidic fires
> Blazed to dim gods forgotten now and grey,
> You wandered to the Land of Youth to play
> The fairest part the poet's heart desires.

From a Photograph by *H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.*

MISS ADA REHAN.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MISS PHYLLIS RANKIN.

Miss PHYLLIS RANKIN.

MISS PHYLLIS RANKIN is known to us only as Mlle. Fifi, in "The Belle of New York," yet she is famous from the north to the south, from the east to the west of this metropolis of five million souls. On the first night of that phenomenal piece, she shared the honours with Miss Edna May. She jumped all at once into the affections of the stolid Britisher. It was not only that she has a sweet voice which she knows how to use, that her appearance is distinctly piquant, and that she is evidently a born actress in her own sphere. There is something more than that. Miss Rankin is the young lady who never smiles. She can suggest all sorts of humour, but she never smiles. Her method is such that her audiences do not know whether she is laughing in her sleeve at them all the time or whether she is deadly serious in her work. However, there is the effect, and Miss Rankin—the daughter of an American theatrical family—is one of London's chief favourites.

It is impossible to write more than this. But, for the sake of future generations, who will hear about this wonderful "Belle of New York," and the sensation it caused—it is undoubtedly the greatest success ever achieved in our insular capital by any foreign company of players—about Miss Rankin and that melodious duet which took their forefathers by storm, one of the verses is here reprinted, not as an example of lyric grace, but as a little record of a popular song in the "late nineties"

FIFI: When we are married—

HARRY: Why what will you do?

FIFI: I'll be as sweet as I can be to you
I will be tender, and I will be true
When I am married, sweetheart, to you.

HARRY: Love is not all, dear, that poets may say,
Sometimes it lasts but a year and a day;
Often the day, love, without any year,
Love is not all it's cracked up to be, dear.

FIFI: I only know, love, what our love will be,
I will love you, love, and you will love me;
Not for a year, love, and not for a day,
I will love you, love, for ever and aye.

Reading between these lines we can feel intuitively that Fifi is not the young lady who holds Harry's heart, and that, indeed, is a fact. Despite the commonplaceness of the words, and still with that *incroyable* manner, Miss Rankin gave to them a tenderness and a warmth which were quite convincing and very pretty.

POSTSCRIPT.

MR. ROBERT TABER, since his appearance as Macduff in Mr. Forbes Robertson's revival of "Macbeth," at the Lyceum, has not appeared in London, owing to a lengthy illness, which prevented him playing the part of Defarge in Mr. Martin Harvey's production of "The Only Way," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The playgoing public looks forward with interest to his re-entry.

* * * *

Miss Ada Rehan has played in America the principal feminine part in the Drury Lane drama, "The Great Ruby"—the character assumed here by Mrs. John Wood.

* * * *

Miss Phyllis Rankin some time ago resigned her part in "The Belle of New York" and returned to America.

* * * *

Miss Florence St. John, at the time of writing, has not performed in London since "The Grand Duchess," at the Savoy Theatre. She, too, was very seriously ill for a lengthened period.

* * * *

The next issue of *Celebrities of the Stage* will contain portraits of Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Miss Mary Moore, Miss Maud Hobson, and Miss Marie Studholme.

From a Photograph by *Window & Grove, Baker Street, W.*

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER has fought his way doggedly and untiringly, and he won his reward in "Brother Officers," Mr. Leo Trevor's comedy recently produced at the Garrick Theatre. Lieut. John Hinds, V.C., must have repaid Mr. Bourchier for a long and arduous fight for recognition as an actor of whom much may be expected. The play was received with varied opinions; Mr. Bourchier's study of the splendid fellow who had risen from the ranks, who tried to be a gentleman in manner as well as in heart, and who, at last, gave up the attempt, sacrificed himself for his friend and went out again into the world, received hearty and unanimous praise. At last it was said that Mr. Bourchier was more than a "society" favourite with a good appearance and a certain mediocre ability. There had always been some who thought that one day he would show the world he was much more than this. But there were many who held the contrary idea. John Hinds converted them; for they saw in this impersonation a sense of character, observation, and the power to give effect to both. They will regard Mr. Bourchier's future work with a great deal of interest.

Mr. Bourchier showed his theatrical predilections early in life. He was an undergraduate at Oxford when the symptoms were first noticeable. He became a prominent member of the "O.U.D.S."—the Oxford University Dramatic Society—and threw his energies into its performances with redoubtable vigour. Part after part he played with earnestness and an intense wish to succeed. Then he joined "the" profession and went "through the mill," playing many parts—always striving hard, often without much reward. An important epoch in his career was his engagement by Mr. Augustin Daly to join his company, to be the hero to the heroines of Miss Ada Rehan. In this organisation he enacted several parts of importance and gained invaluable experience. The most notable of these was Robin Hood in Tennyson's "The Foresters," and Charles Surface in "The School for Scandal"; which, with other plays in the Daly repertoire, were given in London as well as America. Not very long after this Mr. Bourchier became manager of the Royalty Theatre, which he transformed into an elegant and charming little playhouse, where he produced various farcical comedies, and where there were all the signs of enduring and gradually increasing success had he persevered. But he gave up the theatre and toured through America, and the "connection" and "following" were dispersed. During his tenancy of the Royalty he and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, his accomplished wife, played the chief parts in "The Chili Widow," and "The Queen's Proctor"; clever and spirited farces in which he pleased some and displeased others of his critics by his histrionic method. To the present writer his light and easy, if a little rough and ready, style appealed. He also revived "The Liar," Foote's comedy, in which he was the Young Wilding. Later, at the Strand Theatre, Mr. Bourchier appeared in a one-act play, "Dr. Johnson." Its author was Mr. Leo Trevor, who, as in "Brother Officers," "fitted" Mr. Bourchier to a nicety; for, as the "great lexicographer," the actor achieved what was at that time his greatest success.

With Mrs. Langtry, at the St. James's, Mr. Bourchier played Jaques in "As You Like It," of which, says one of the chroniclers of the time, he gave a new reading, making him a "light-hearted, railing philosopher, who mocked blithesomely at the follies of his fellows." At the same theatre he was the Oliver Deschamps in Mr. Sydney Grundy's "Esther Sandraz"; Jack Daryl, in Justin McCarthy's "Your Wife"; with the production of which he took over for a short time the management of the house. At various theatres he has played the hero in Mr. W. L. Courtney's one-act play, "Kit Marlowe"; Brigaud, in "Frou-Frou"; Charles Courtly, in "London Assurance"; Emil Repholt, in Mr. William Archer's translation of Brahn's play, "The Visit," in which "Ibensite" piece Mr. Bourchier made a really distinguished impression; Lord Glossmore, in "Money"; the Hon. George Delamere, in Grundy's "Slaves of the Ring"; Joseph Surface, in Mr. Wyndham's Criterion revival of "The School for Scandal"; and various other characters. He was also part-author of a play entitled "Mr. Richards," and part-adaptor of "The Chili Widow."

Miss MARY MOORE.

MISS MARY MOORE was by nature intended for an "ingénue," to be the representative of sweet simplicity upon the stage. Her innate gentleness and quiet refinement make her the ideal Ada Ingot, the absolute embodiment of the sweet and innocent young girl who fell in love with David Garrick in the play, and became his wife. There was a touch of knowingness in the Lady Amaranth of "Wild Oats," but she was a gentle, charming creature, nevertheless; and of the pretty Quakeress Miss Moore was a delightful representative. It was, perhaps, the most suitable of all the parts which have fallen to her lot, though we must not forget Dorothy Cruickshank in "Rosemary." But, by the irony of fate, Miss Mary Moore has been destined to interpret heroines of risky farce—such as we used to see at the Criterion in the old days, developing through various old comedies into the actress-in-chief of the end-of-the-century women, the discontented women, the neurotic women, the women "misunderstood" by their husbands; in fact, the New Women. Nature is kind, and, seeing the necessity, has allowed Miss Moore to mature a talent for the expression of pettishness, fretfulness, discontent, flightiness, in order that she may be brought back to peace and rectitude by that never-failing friend of the family, Mr. Charles Wyndham.

Kate Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer"; Mrs. Mildmay, in "Still Waters Run Deep"; Grace Harkaway, in "London Assurance"; and Maria, in "The School for Scandal," are among the characters she has played in "costume comedy." But it is the long line of recalcitrant wives which will best be remembered by playgoers. In each of the parts there are qualities very similar, but it is probable that the most finished and alert of them all will be considered Lady Susan Harabin in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Mrs. Dennant, in "The Squire of Dames"; and Lady Jessica, in "The Liars," are others among the most noticeable of their class which have been portrayed by Miss Moore.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MISS MARY MOORE.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MISS MAUD HOBSON.

Miss MAUD HOBSON.

MISS MAUD HOBSON is chiefly known to London playgoers as the fascinating mother of musical comedy as exploited by Mr. George Edwardes, and of all these ladies the chief was Lady Constance Wynne, in "The Geisha," at Daly's Theatre; although her part in "The Gaiety Girl" is only less well remembered. But, since "The Geisha," Miss Hobson has shown a praiseworthy predilection for comedy, and in "The Brixton Burglary" —once again the charming mamma—at Terry's Theatre, she made a high-spirited and very pleasant lady of the world, who laughed good-humouredly at her husband's peccadilloes, and assisted materially in the fun of the farce.

But, previous to her joining the "musical comedy" standard of Mr. George Edwardes, Miss Hobson was known to theatregoers of the Metropolis. She had previously appeared as the heroine of "Auld Lang Syne," a comedietta at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, written by Mr. Basil Hood, and as Escamillo, in the old-fashioned Gaiety burlesque of "Carmen Up-to-Data," among other pieces of a light character.

Miss MARIE STUDHOLME.

WITHOUT any disrespect to the histrionic talents of Miss Marie Studholme, it may be said that—among other young ladies whose attractions to the public are undeniable—"her face is her fortune." Or, perhaps, it would be fairer to say that her face was her fortune. It was the ethereal prettiness of Miss Studholme, one may be sure, which first obtained for her a hearing and an entry into public life; for it was some little time after her first appearance that the managers came to the conclusion that she had any ability save the ability of attracting admiration because of her beauty. Then came the era of very small parts; then the era, when, as understudy, Miss Studholme proved herself to be the possessor of a sweet, if small voice, and a lively and vivacious personality.

Then came the American tour and an American triumph. Playing the principal characters in the pieces made popular at the Gaiety, the Prince of Wales's, and Daly's Theatres, Miss Studholme, under the ægis of Mr. George Edwardes, with an English company, travelled through most of the great American cities. She went, she saw, she conquered. The tour was one long triumphal progress. The press fell down and worshipped, the public followed suit. Miss Studholme was the rage, as people can be the rage only in America. The papers raved about her, ladies gave "Marie Studholme" dinners. She was so fragile, so dainty, so alluring

Of the art of Miss Studholme there is not very much to be said. Her success has been that of personal charm and beauty more than anything else. But she has a sweet and well-trained voice, she has intelligence and verve, taste and refinement. In certain characters one can imagine her being quite ideal, characters where spirituality and winsomeness are the chief things to be desired. So far Miss Studholme has had but little opportunity in England, though she has been on a long tour through the provinces playing the leading parts.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

Miss MARIE STUDHOLME.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON & Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL in "Nelson's Enchantress."

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER, in his criticism of Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Nelson and Lady Hamilton in "Nelson's Enchantress," a play by "Risden Home," produced at the Avenue Theatre, in February, 1897, wrote:—"Mr. Forbes Robertson, marvellously made up, played Nelson with sympathetic tact. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Lady Hamilton was beautiful and touching throughout, but specially admirable in the first act. The scene of the rupture with Greville is, in my view, the best piece of real acting Mrs. Campbell has ever done. It enlarges my conception of her powers."

The authoress, it is added, "frankly idealises Lady Hamilton, and if she does not precisely idealise Nelson, she makes no attempt to get in the subtler lights and shades of his character. She stipples away the nodosities and seams of his physiognomy. She dwells on the pathos of the empty sleeve, but shirks the grotesqueness of the blinded eye. . . . The very fact that Lady Hamilton, even partially whitewashed, should figure after a hundred years as the sympathetic heroine of an English play, is a curious testimony to the abiding magic of the name of Nelson. And surely we cannot regret this magic, or resent having it brought home to us once more in this tasteful and graceful fashion. In no instance, probably, is national hero-worship saner or better justified. . . .

"It seemed to me that the audience, as a whole, was charmed and moved by the play. . . . What matter though this Lady Hamilton was not the Emma Hart of the scandalous chronicle? It was the Nelson that we cared about, and we were quite content to see Lady Hamilton with his eyes rather than with those of history or gossip."

It must be added that the play did not achieve success; but the general opinion of the acting coincided with Mr. Archer's.

Miss MAUD HOFFMAN.

MISS MAUD HOFFMAN is a young American actress who has come among us to stay. She joined Mr. Wilson Barrett's company while he was touring through the United States, and came to England with them, making her first appearance here, if one mistake not, in "The Sign of the Cross," at the Lyric Theatre, in the part she "created," probably, in America, that of Berenis—the beautiful Pagan. Miss Hoffman made something of an impression in this part, chiefly, perhaps, because of her prepossessing appearance, but there were spirit and fire in her acting, too. A little while afterwards, we believe, Miss Hoffman was promoted to the chief feminine character, that of Mercia, in the play, during the temporary absence of Miss Maud Jeffries, and further advanced her position as an actress.

Miss Hoffman was next seen in a part of importance as the American widow in Mr. George Pleydel Bancroft's play, "What will the World Say?" at Terry's Theatre, entrusted to her by Mr. Edward Terry. This character she essayed with much vivacity and pleasant spirit, nor was the necessary touch of pathos absent when the time for it arrived.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MISS MAUD HOFFMAN.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

Miss EVA MOORE.

Miss EVA MOORE.

"In equal degree must praise be given to Miss Eva Moore, for she, too, brings to her work a sensitiveness, a charm, a womanliness and fidelity to truth that are denied to many actresses who loom much more largely in the public eye—and who very likely could reach heights that Miss Moore, Mrs. Esmond, could not reach. I have seen her in comic-opera, in farce, in high comedy of the powder period, and in each Miss Moore has been beyond the shadow of cavil. And for such a character as the heroine of 'One Summer's Day,' she has a sympathy and a power of reaching the hearts of her audience that not half-a-dozen actresses on the English stage to-day could hope to equal. There is a meaning in her every glance, every inflection of her voice; in sunshine or in shadow she brings before us a living, breathing woman."

SO wrote the "present scribe" of Miss Eva Moore, as Maysie, in her husband's pretty play, "One Summer's Day," at the Comedy Theatre, and he can find nothing more apt or true at this moment. If one were bound down to one word in which to describe the charm of Miss Moore, he would choose the one word, "Womanliness." If one could add a qualifying adjective, he would prefix it with "winsome." Winsome she is, sensitive to the most delicate shades of emotion, grave or gay. She possesses that art, concealed, which is the most pleasant art of all.

Of this perfect piece of acting we find the unemotional, but most perspicacious, Mr. William Archer, in the "World," saying: "Odd as it may appear, the one thing that inclines me to mistrust my judgment of Mr. Esmond's comedy, is the extraordinary charm of Miss Eva Moore's acting in it. I cannot imagine Maysie played by anyone else."

In the comic-opera by Mr. Gilbert and the late Alfred Cellier, "The Mountebanks," at the Lyric Theatre, Miss Moore acted the part of Minestra, who, for a portion of the evening, becomes an old woman, and proved herself something more than an interpreter of attractive heroines; there was a touch of character in the performance; and her singing was delightful. In "The Three Musketeers," at the Globe Theatre, Miss Moore was a captivating Gabrielle; as Madame De Cocheforet, in "Under the Red Robe," at the Haymarket, Miss Moore displayed her versatility in a character which approached the spirit of high comedy; in the afternoon revival, at Her Majesty's, of "The Dancing Girl," she assumed the part of the cripple girl, Sybil Crake, made famous by Miss Rose Norreys, and played it with simple and affecting pathos. In "Carnac Sahib," at the same theatre, her never-failing charm was given to the character of Ellice Ford.

No good purpose would be served by a dry record of the many characters enacted by Miss Moore—in no one of them has she failed to impress, whether the plays succeeded or not. But it may be recalled that she made her first appearance on the stage on December 15, 1887, under the management of Mr. Thomas Thorne, at the Vaudeville, as Varney, in a morning performance of John Farquhar Gilmore's farcical-comedy, "Proposals." After this came an engagement at Toole's Theatre, as Dora, in "The Don," Mr. J. L. Toole then being on active service. One of her earliest successes was made in "The Middleman," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, in which she played Felicia Umfraville. Here it was that she met Mr. H. V. Esmond, who was playing in the same piece. Miss Eva Moore is a sister of Miss Decima Moore.

Miss GRACE PALOTTA.

MISS GRACE PALOTTA is a handsome young lady, who has appeared in several of the burlesques under the management of Mr. George Edwardes, in the provinces and at the Gaiety Theatre. In "A Runaway Girl," at the latter playhouse, she was fortunate in having to sing a song which has achieved marvellous popularity, "Soldiers in the Park," composed by Mr. Lionel Monckton. The refrain may be quoted, not as an example of lyric grace, but of popular versification :

Oh, listen to the band—
How merrily they play!
"Oh, don't you think it grand?"
Hear everybody say.
Oh, listen to the band!
Who doesn't love to hark
To the shout of "Here they come!"
And the banging of the drum?
Oh, listen to the Soldiers in the Park!

From a Photograph by *Window & Grove, Baker Street, W.*

MISS GRACE PALOTTA.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MR. FRANKLIN McLEAY AS "JEDIAH."

Mr. FRANKLIN McLEAY.

MR. FRANKLIN McLEAY is in the enviable position of being pointed at as one of the leaders of his profession of the days that are coming. The discriminating playgoer thinks of Mr. McLeay as one of the very few real artists of the stage; as one of the very few who will be worthy to join the ranks of the Irvings, the Trees and the scanty band of "actor-managers" to whom he looks for the artistic direction of the theatre. The suddenness of Mr. McLeay's accession to this vanguard is not in the least remarkable; earnestness and intellect must tell, especially in a profession where these qualities are rare; where success is too often won by the mere charm of personality and physical gifts.

To Mr. McLeay acting is really an art. It is also the cause in him of real sustained hard work. A Shakespearian scholar—not merely a reader of Shakespeare—before he undertakes a new Shakespearian part he really gets right into the "skin" of it. Not until he knew each line of "King John," not till he assimilated every shade of the poet's meaning, did he play Hubert de Burgh. The conventional "dipper" into the play thought his Hubert too rude, too ugly; Mr. McLeay had his answer at hand; could quote chapter and verse from the text to prove the correctness of his reading. Hubert, says King John, is

> "A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
> Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame."

Hubert himself says

> "And you have slander'd nature in my form,
> Which, howsoever rude exteriorly . . . "

and so on to the same effect. There is nothing in the dramatist's lines to support the "Newfoundland dog" kind of Hubert.

His Iago is a rough soldier, not the Machiavellian and Mephistofelian mischief-maker who bears his wickedness in his face and in his every gesture. Iago's intrigues, innuendoes, slanders gain treble weight from the open bluffness of the man as interpreted by Mr. McLeay. We have grown to think of Iago as a polished schemer—Mr. McLeay will prove to you out of the mouth of Shakespeare himself that he is nothing of the sort.

He objects to the term "character-actor." An actor, he holds, should be able to play everything allowed by his physical conditions. But it is as a "character-actor" that he is known to us. Not sufficient for him a mere change in external appearance; the gestures, the mannerisms, the very voice of the performer must change with each new assumption. His wonderful Nero, in "The Sign of the Cross," his Jediah, in "The Daughters of Babylon," his extraordinary Bat, in "Pharoah," his King Louis, in "The Ballad Monger," his Farmer Stokes, in "Ragged Robin," his young American newspaper correspondent, in "The Red Lamp," his Cassius, in "Julius Cæsar," his Richelieu, in "The Musketeers," his humorous Marshall in "Captain Swift"—all prove this.

A Canadian by birth, Mr. McLeay, student of elocution and philology, joined Mr. Wilson Barrett's company when they were on tour in America. Returning with them to England, he, after some provincial work, made his first appearance in London with Mr. Barrett at the Olympic Theatre in 1891, playing the small part of George Fargate in "The People's Idol." Not very long afterwards he jumped into fame as Nero, in "The Sign of the Cross," a study of character and an effort in acting which was recognised at once as something akin to masterly. To gain his effect, he had imbued himself with the history of the period and the literature bearing upon the life and traits of the Emperor. As Farmer Stokes, in "Ragged Robin," at Her Majesty's Theatre, his knowledge of dialect assisted him in presenting one of the most graphic and convincing representations of a type it has been the lot of the English playgoer to see. In one evening, Mr. Tree, during his provincial tour, provided him with the opportunity of making a little *tour-de-force*—within three hours he was the crafty, treacherous, malignant Louis of France in "The Ballad Monger," and the debonair, dashing, manly young "special" of an American journal in "The Red Lamp."

Intellect, education, a striking face, a resonant voice, intensity and earnestness, with the saving grace of humour, are Mr. Franklin McLeay's. His limitations will be seen, of course, as time goes on. Meanwhile, when we are lamenting the condition of our theatre, when we are crying out for the successors of the great ones of to-day, and wondering, when the time and the necessity arrive, where they are coming from, it is not merely the publicist's pleasure, it is his duty, to encourage those who are pressing forward, to whom it is possible worthily to give encouragement. No fear of an accusation of a love for superlatives should dissuade him, so long as he is sure those superlatives are deserved. So pleasant, because so rare, is the application, without dilution or reserve, of Mr. Pinero's embrocation of "Praise! Praise! Praise!"

Miss STELLA GASTELLE.

MISS STELLA GASTELLE is the actress who was fortunate enough to introduce Alesia, the charming Alesia of "La Poupée," to our country cousins. Her travels from town to town became a triumphal progress—seldom has so great a success in comic opera been achieved in the provinces, and for this success Miss Gastelle was in great part responsible. She also played the character in the revival of the opera at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London, and repeated her success; winning for herself, also, high commendation for her personal gifts in those unfortunate works, "The Royal Star" and "The Coquette" at the same house.

Miss Gastelle is the possessor of a sweet and well-trained voice, a clear and distinct enunciation, and a thorough knowledge of the technique of her profession. She does not possess in any large measure that curious indefinable magnetism which has made many less accomplished artists than herself highly successful; but her singing, her acting, and her earnestness have won for her many admirers.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

Miss STELLA GASTELLE.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MISS SARAH BROOKE AS "MILITZA."

Miss SARAH BROOKE.

HERE we have a young actress of many parts, whose talent for the expression of the emotions ranges "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." To play Militza in Mr. Davidson's adaptation of Coppée's beautiful and poetical "For the Crown," and to play Dolly Coke in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's end-of-the-century comedy "The Liars," shows courage; to play them exceedingly well shows ability of a very high order. As Militza, the heroine of the blank verse "Pour la Couronne"—played originally by Mrs. Patrick Campbell—Miss Brooke displayed a tenderness and sweetness, a sympathy and a power of speaking measured lines; as Dolly Coke, in the amusing scene of unbridled mendacity, she acted with a verve and sense of humour which in combination demonstrated an histrionic comprehensiveness quite rare in these days of specialisation.

Miss Brooke's career has not been a long one, but it has been full and varied. She played a by no means unimportant part in Mr. Jones's play, "Michael and His Lost Angel," with Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Lyceum; and Marie, in Sudermann's "psychological" work, "Heimat"—here called "Magda"—under the same management; to this she gave "sincerity, intelligence and charm," says one of our leading and severest critics. At the same theatre, and under the same ægis, she was the Maria in "The School for Scandal"; and, though she rather over-accentuated the guilelessness and diffidence of the character, Miss Brooke was quite delightful, nevertheless.

One of these days it will be necessary for Miss Brooke to make her choice between the serious and the humorous; for, on the higher rungs, an artist very rarely is permitted by the public to dally with both. Almost invariably a "leading artist" is expected to devote himself or herself to Thalia or Melpomene, homage at the shrines of both is looked on with suspicion. Sir Henry Irving, born comedian that he is, rarely permits himself to make us laugh, yet we could enjoy the fun of "Jingle" again and again. When this hour arrives for Miss Brooke, despite her success as Dolly Coke, we shall be surprised if her eyes do not turn longingly to Militza.

Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH has won her way to the front by hard work and the possession of those gifts without which hard work is of no avail. Her art is on a high plane, and it is versatile. In farce Miss Vanbrugh plays with a distinction, that delicate exaggeration of reality, that mock seriousness, which is farce acting at its best. As Cyprienne, in "The Queen's Proctor," and as Gladys de la Casa Gualès, in "The Chili Widow"—those spirited farces produced under the management of her husband, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, at the Royalty Theatre—she gave us moments of tragedy and intensity which placed the humour of them on a level with serious art.

Farce acting of this kind is not so far removed from real tragedy as it may seem. There is but one degree between them. As Jacinta, in that gruesome one-act play, "Monsieur de Paris," Miss Vanbrugh gave to the character of the executioner's daughter a fatalism, a despair, a sincerity and pathos which raised the part from the commonplace to the ideal. In this, Mr. William Archer noted the versatility of which we have spoken. "Miss Violet Vanbrugh's performance of Jacinta," he wrote, "is also a remarkable piece of work, full of sincerity and strength. The part can scarcely be said to test the actress's original imagination, but it proves that her range of expression is much wider than one had imagined."

Of her performance in "Donna Diana," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the same critic—whom we quote in preference to any other because he never errs on the side of enthusiasm or hyperbole—said: "When the time comes for a revival of 'The Taming of the Shrew,' we have in Miss Violet Vanbrugh a Katherine who may almost challenge comparison with Miss Rehan. If Miss Vanbrugh will cultivate her diction, and especially unlearn her contempt for the harmless, necessary comma, she will one day stand unrivalled in this line of parts. Perhaps—who knows?—Beatrice may follow Katherine."

There are other sides to her art. She can give to poetical drama sweetness and dignity, as an example of which one may cite her stately Olivia in Mr. Daly's revival of "Twelfth Night;" she can play the modern woman of fashion with a touch so sure, a sympathy so exact, that she seems, not to pretend to be, but to be that complex, irrational, frivolous and pathetic product of civilisation. Her Lady Beauvedere, in "The Ambassador," John Oliver Hobbes' play at the St. James's Theatre, was something in the nature of a revelation. It was greeted with a swelling chorus of delight. Why it was so perfect it was difficult to say; it was just that one felt the wonderful womanliness of it, the rapture of maternal love, the softened grief of a woman's lonely heart, all its suggestion of femininity, its high breeding, the pathos hidden under the epigram and the smile of Society. The effect could not be described; it could be felt. Only when another talented and beautiful actress succeeded her in the character and played it excellently, but not as Miss Vanbrugh played it, did we understand how large a share Miss Vanbrugh had had in the effect of tenderness and beauty which the play had made.

Nor shall we forget her striking figure as Margaret of Anjou in "In Days of Old." As Lady Winifred Crosby, in "Hearts are Trumps" at Drury Lane, Miss Vanbrugh gave fine force and vigour to the character, but otherwise her talents were put to no severe test.

Miss Vanbrugh is the eldest daughter of the late Prebendary Barnes. She began her professional career by "walking on" in burlesque at Toole's Theatre in 1886, to gain confidence and experience. London playgoers first saw her as Lady Anne, in "The Butler," at the same house, under the management of Mr. J. L. Toole. She went for two years with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal to America, and then "understudied" Miss Ellen Terry at the Lyceum, and played Anne Boleyn in Sir Henry Irving's production of "Henry VIII."

From a Photograph by *Window & Grove, Baker Street, W.*

Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Elvery Street, S.W.*

MR. JOHN HARE.

Mr. JOHN HARE.

MR. JOHN HARE, of course, is one of the aristocracy of the stage. His professional blood is of the bluest; he has been a foremost leader in the world of drama for more years than he, or we, would like to count. He has been his own manager since 1875, and the theatres he has directed have always stood in the very front rank. He has never thrust his love of Art down the throats of the public, but, during all these years, quietly, unostentatiously, he has been furthering the interests of Art, upholding the dignity of the Drama, carrying his head high, though most modest of mien. In one respect, Mr. Hare is almost a phenomenon; he has been an "actor-manager" for about fifteen years, and the writer believes that he has never once accepted a play, or produced it, for the sole reason that it contained a good part for himself. Of no other actor-manager could this be said. One may go further—times without number Mr. Hare has assumed comparatively unimportant and minor characters in pieces produced at his own theatres. It is prodigious.

Mr. John Hare is and has always been the exponent of acting as an art of *finesse*. He is a master of detail. He is the Meissonier of histrionism. His commanding position has not been won by the display of grand passions; broad effects are impossible to him. His pathos is touching and natural, but he has never drawn from the deepest wells of the human heart; his humour is easy and sparkling and clean-cut, but he has never sent his audience into a roar of rollicking laughter. But the perfection of his characterisation, the care and thought bestowed upon every part he has played, his quick observation, the finish and delicacy of his style have made him one of *the* representative English actors of his day.

In 1864 Mr. Leigh Murray, the actor, gave him his earliest lessons in acting, and his first appearance was made in that year at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, in a now forgotten piece, "A Woman of Business," in which he "supported" Mr. John L. Toole; and, following that, he played in "The Woman in Mauve" in a touring company, another member of which was a young actor named Squire Bancroft. It was under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the little theatre, the Prince of Wales's, off the Tottenham Court Road, that Mr. Hare, in 1865, made his London début in "Naval Engagements," in which he played the Landlord Short. His salary was two pounds weekly. Soon afterwards Robertson's "Society" was produced and in this he made his first step up fame's ladder. Of his performance of Lord Ptarmigant, Mr. Clement Scott said:

> But what astonished us even more than the success of young Bancroft was the apparition that I spoke of just now. A little delightful old gentleman came upon the stage dressed in a long, beautifully-cut frock coat, bright-eyed, intelligent, with white hair that seemed to grow naturally on the head—no common clumsy wig with a black forehead line—and with a voice so refined, so aristocratic, that it was music to our ears. The part played by Mr. Hare was, as we all know, insignificant. All he had to do was to say nothing, and to go perpetually to sleep. But how well he said nothing; how naturally he went to sleep! We could not analyse our youthful impression at the time, but we knew instinctively that John Hare was an artist. . . I don't suppose that before the curtain drew up on Robertson's "Society," anyone in London had heard a word about, or knew there was such a creature in existence, as John Hare. Before the curtain fell the young actor was famous, and everyone who had social or newspaper influence was talking about him.

Mr. Hare, following the fashion of those times, appeared in the short burlesque which frequently had a share in the programme, his first effort in this direction being the part of Zerlina in Byron's "Little Don Giovanni."

The actor was fortunate enough to be concerned in a dramatic movement which is historical, the dawn of naturalism on the stage which began with the first of the series of Robertsonian comedies. In the original productions of "Ours" he played Prince Perovsky; in "Caste," Sam Gerridge; in "Play," The Hon. Bruce Fanquehere; in "School," Beau Farintosh; in "M.P.," Dunscombe Dunscombe. In all of these Mr. Hare rose step by step, increasing with every fresh creation a reputation almost without rival in its own sphere. In "Caste" Mr. Hare, in later years, played Eccles, with as great success as his famous Gerridge. He assumed many other characters under the same management, including that of Sir John Vesey, in Lytton's "Money," and Sir Peter, in "The School for Scandal."

In 1875 Mr. Hare became his own manager at the Court Theatre, his company including Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Miss Mary Rorke, and Mr. John Clayton. "Lady Flora," by Mr. Charles Coghlan, was the first production. Among his other notable representations were Gilbert's "Broken Hearts," with Mrs. Kendal as Lady Hilda; "A Quiet Rubber," in which he played Lord Kilclare; "A Scrap of Paper," Mr. Hare appearing as Archie Hamilton, a boy's part—in the revivals he was the Dr. Penguin; "New Men and Old Acres," with Miss Ellen Terry as the heroine; Lytton's "The House of Darnley," in the cast of which were included the manager, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Kelly, and Miss Amy Roselle; Wills' dramatisation of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield,' 'entitled "Olivia," with Miss Terry in the name part, and Mr. William Terriss as Thornhill.

In 1879 Mr. Hare assumed the management of the St. James's Theatre, in conjunction with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Important performances were those of "The Falcon," an original play by Alfred Tennyson; Jerrold's "Black-Eyed Susan," re-written by Wills and re-christened "William and Susan," in which Mr. Hare was seen in the small part of the Admiral; "The Money Spinner," one of the very earliest works of Mr. Pinero, Mr. Hare appearing as Baron Croodle; "The Lady of Lyons," Mr. Hare playing Colonel Damas; "The Squire," by Pinero; "Impulse;" "The Ironmaster;" "As You Like It," Mr. Hare impersonating Touchstone; and "The Hobby Horse."

Before taking the reins at the Garrick Theatre in 1889, Mr. Hare played, under the management of Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh at the Court Theatre, the part of Jack Pontifex in Mr. Grundy's farce, "Mamma," adapted from the French. His first production at the Garrick was Mr. Pinero's great play, "The Profligate," in which he was seen as Lord Dangars, his company including Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Kate Rorke, and Mr. Forbes Robertson; "La Tosca," for which Mrs. Bernard Beere was engaged; "A Pair of Spectacles," in which the manager achieved one of his greatest triumphs as Benjamin Goldfinch; "Lady Bountiful;" "A Fool's Paradise;" "Robin Goodfellow;" "Slaves of the Ring;" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith."

Then followed a long absence from London, after which Mr. Hare assumed command of the Globe Theatre, where we had some interesting Robertsonian revivals and other performances, followed by that enormously successful play, "The Gay Lord Quex," by Mr. Pinero, in which Mr. Hare played so strikingly the character of the young-old hero.

Miss JULIA NEILSON.

MISS JULIA NEILSON (Mrs. Fred Terry) is one of our very small number of tragediennes. Her commanding stature is well suited to this, the highest form of dramatic expression. Physical beauty is hers, cast in the heroic mould. As an actress, she must have succeeded in this or not at all; Nature would have prevented her appealing to us in anything less. Ill-treated, clinging heroines cannot be quite so divinely tall; the arch, sunshiny-showery, vivacious and merely pathetic type of English domestic drama could not in her have found an interpreter who would have convinced the British playgoer. In writing of tragedy, we do not, of course, confine the term to the Lady Macbeths and the Queen Constances. It must have a wider meaning. All we wish to make clear is the point that Miss Neilson requires a big canvas, that there must be something broad and wide in a character for her to make it real and living. There is tragedy in "The Dancing Girl," if one looks a very little below the surface; and, because of its tragedy, the character of Drusilla Ives enabled Miss Neilson to make it artistically true and convincing.

Nor do we forget the charming Rosalind Miss Neilson showed us in "As You Like It," at the St. James's Theatre. This is comedy, truly, a comedy of comedies, but it is heroic comedy. An actress can bring Rosalind before us, a breathing and delightful woman, to whom every other part would be impossible. Miss Julia Neilson's splendid physical attributes made her Rosalind a perfect boy, a fascinating swashbuckler. Her Beatrice, in "Much Ado about Nothing," at the same playhouse, was less successful, charming though it was, because Beatrice is not of the heroic mould of Rosalind. She is much more of the conventional woman, despite her wit. That Miss Neilson succeeded as well as she did was because of the tragedy of it, the tragedy of the Church Scene. Her raillery and her high spirits in the other portions of the play are also heroic, because they are Shakespearian. There is nothing of the commonplace, the smallness of life, in the grand creature moving among the magnificence of the Ducal Court.

Miss Neilson has fought hard for her position. For a long time she had to struggle against a stiffness, a crudity which would have defeated her but for the superabundant energy we saw beneath, an energy which only wanted discipline and restraint to carry her far. That distance she has travelled. Even yet the highest notes are denied her; passion has not found its perfect expression; there is an absence of poignancy, of the "cry of the heart." But, though she stops short of the highest rung of the ladder, Miss Neilson may look down with pride from the altitude she has gained. In her own sphere she has no superior. As Queen Constance, in Mr. Tree's revival of "King John," at Her Majesty's Theatre, Miss Neilson surprised us by her naturalness and truth; so far, this character marks her greatest achievement.

But her performance of Drusilla Ives, in "The Dancing Girl," at the Haymarket, gave her her first bound forward. In spite of some mannerism and trick, it was a notable piece of work. Her Hypatia, in Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's play, at the same theatre, was a striking and full-hearted effort.

Miss Neilson, the possessor of a beautiful voice, was making rapid headway as a singer, before she became an actress. Her first professional appearance was at the Savoy Theatre, in 1888, at a morning performance of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea," in which she appeared as the heroine. After a little while she enacted the principal feminine part in the same author's "Brantinghame Hall," under the management of Mr. Rutland Barrington, at the St. James's Theatre. Then she joined Mr. Tree's company at the Haymarket, and, among other plays, was the heroine in "The Ballad Monger," "The Red Lamp," "Called Back," "A Man's Shadow," "Comedy and Tragedy," "Peril," "The Tempter," "Once Upon a Time," and "A Woman of No Importance." Miss Neilson has also played at the Adelphi, in "Shall We Forgive Her?" and "The Gipsy Earl." Two of her most important appearances under the management of Mr. George Alexander, at the St. James's, were in "The Conquerors" and "The Tree of Knowledge."

From a Photograph by *R. Johnson, 292, King's Road, S.W.*

MISS JULIA NEILSON.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

Miss RUTH VINCENT.

Miss RUTH VINCENT.

MISS RUTH VINCENT is a sweet singer, who shows skill and training in every song she sings; as an actress she displayed intelligence and earnestness during the time she was prima donna at the Savoy Theatre—but it is as a vocalist that Miss Vincent shines. Her voice, a soprano, is of a pleasing quality as well as fulness.

Her most important achievement was her portrayal of the character of the cripple-girl, Jacquelin, in Messrs. Pinero and Comyns Carr's opera, "The Beauty Stone," of which the present writer said in the *Evening News:* "Very charming was Miss Ruth Vincent, singing with a sweetness and purity there was no denying; very graceful, too, and pathetic was her acting."

Miss Vincent also played Casilda, in a revival of "The Gondoliers," at the same house, and Josephine, in a revival of "Pinafore."

Mrs. LANGTRY.

MRS. LANGTRY made her first appearance, professionally, upon the stage under the Bancroft management, at the Haymarket Theatre, in 1881, as Miss Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer," and the occasion was marked by a fierce battle between her partizans and her opponents on the Press, who apparently objected to a lady of Society becoming an actress. Her second effort was to assume the part of Blanche Haye in "Ours," and her third, that of Hester Grazebrook in "An Unequal Match."

Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, in their "Reminiscences," write interestingly of Mrs. Langtry's début:

> Never, perhaps, was a theatre more besieged for seats. All sections of Society fought for places, and loud were the lamentations in many a high quarter where non-success had followed every effort to procure them. . . . .
>
> Before an audience, which included the Prince and Princess of Wales, and representatives of great distinction in fashion, art and literature, the performance took place. . . . Mrs. Langtry was very quietly received upon her first entrance, but the audience gradually thawed towards her, and it was generally agreed that the effort was one of marked ability and promise. . . . .
>
> Further conversations with Mrs. Langtry convinced us of her earnest intention to play with all seriousness and desperation for an important stake. . . . Without gratifying a very pardonable curiosity as to the terms of our contract with Mrs. Langtry, we may say that there was nothing ridiculous about it. Mrs. Langtry was good enough to think her appearance at our theatre, and the help she would receive, as of first importance, and, of her own accord, refused other dazzling proposals with which she was deluged.
>
> We fixed upon the pretty part of Blanche Haye, in Robertson's comedy, "Ours," for Mrs. Langtry's professional appearance, the character being one that was aided by her great natural gifts, and not calling for too many prospective qualities, while she would be helped in turn, throughout the play, by prominent members of the company. During the rehearsals, the following words accompanied a little present to Mrs. Bancroft: "With real affection from your pupil (*dull*, but grateful for the pains taken with her).—LILLIE LANGTRY."

Very soon afterwards she took her own company through the English provinces—where she played Galatea—and the United States, having first been seen, however, as Rosalind in "As You Like It." She has played Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons;" Esther Saudraz, in Mr. Sydney Grundy's play of that name, at the St. James's; Cleopatra, in "Antony and Cleopatra;" and the eponymous heroine, in "Lady Barter," both during her season at the Princess's, when she also acted the name-part in "Linda Grey."

When manageress of the Haymarket, she played Lady Violet Malvern, in Messrs. Haddon Chambers and Outram Tristram's drama, "The Queen of Manoa;" and Agatha Tylden, in Mr. Edward Rose's piece so called. At the Opera Comique she appeared as Mrs. Dudley, in "A Society Butterfly," by Messrs. Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray; and, at the time of writing. Mrs. Langtry is enacting the character of Mrs. Trevelyan, in Mr. Grundy's play, "The Degenerates," at the Garrick Theatre.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MRS. LANGTRY.

From a Photograph by *Alfred Ellis & Walery, 51, Baker Street, W.*

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER, one of our foremost "actor-managers," has allied artistic and sound commercial principles in a conspicuously successful manner. He has had his failures, of course, but the ratio of them has been much smaller than is usually the case in theatrical management. Nor has this happy result been secured by keeping to the comparatively easy path of strict conservatism. Mr. Alexander again and again has shown a wise daring—a daring exemplified by the production of such an unconventional and risky departure as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," a daring justified by splendid artistic and financial success. To Mr. Alexander, more than to any other fashionable actor-manager, the native British Drama owes a debt of gratitude. He has risked experiments, he has dared to give it scope in originality.

Mr. Alexander's first professional appearance was made at Nottingham, at the Theatre Royal, in 1879, in a company managed by Miss Ada Swanborough and Mr. W. H. Vernon, when he played Charles, in "His Last Legs," and Harry Prendergast, in "The Snowball." In the provinces, too, he played many of the leading parts in the Robertsonian comedies. His performance of Freddy Butterscotch, in "The Guv'nor," was followed by his first engagement in London, to play Caleb Deecie in Mr. Henry Irving's revival at the Lyceum of "The Two Roses." This was in 1881. Of Mr. Alexander's acting on this occasion, Mr. Clement Scott said in the *Daily Telegraph*:

"We do not doubt that Mr. G. Alexander, who is altogether new to London, is an able young actor. He has a good voice and a nice appearance, but he did not appear to get at the meaning of Caleb Deecie. . . . He was hasty and spasmodic in movement, too brusque in manner, and did not apparently feel the nature of the man he was representing. All the poetic flavour of Caleb Deecie was gone, but, after all, that was the fault of the general acting."

That was in 1881. In 1899, in his book, "The Drama of Yesterday and To-day," Mr. Scott was able to tell a different tale:

"How shall I choose then the play or the performance in which I liked Marion Terry the best, when she was excellent in all? If I were bound to make the choice, I should say Claude Carton's play called 'Sunlight and Shadow' (1891); for in this charming comedy neither Marion Terry nor George Alexander has ever been seen to greater advantage. She was then as ever a Queen of the Stage; he, the excellent Faust and Valentine and Nemours of Lyceum days, was a Coming King. . . . If to Marion Terry in this case may be awarded the prize of a 'best on record,' the same may equally be said of George Alexander's cripple, one of those imaginative studies that linger long on the memory. There was nothing conventional or stagey here. It was an example of what man might be, not always as he is; but we can conceive few more beautiful pictures than that in the last act. . . ."

After Caleb Deecie, Mr. Alexander played Paris in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum. He next was engaged in the late John Clayton's tour of the provinces, playing Claude Glynne in "The Parvenu," in which part he continued when the play was brought to the Court Theatre in town. Some time later he joined the company of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. John Hare at the St. James's, playing, in 1883, the character of Dave Hardy, in "Young Folks' Ways," Frank, in "A Case for Eviction," and Victor De Riel, in "Impulse." Mr. Alexander's next engagement was to "support" Miss Mary Anderson at the Lyceum in his original part of D'Aulnay, in "Comedy and Tragedy," but soon afterwards he returned to the St. James's to play Octave, in "The Ironmaster." Following this came his return to the Irving company with which he went to America in 1884-5, first appearing as De Mauprat, in "Richelieu" on the last night of the Lyceum season. During Mr. Irving's illness, he played Benedick in Boston.

Returning to England, he enacted at the Lyceum, Valentine, and, later, the title-part in "Faust," Ulric, in "Werner," Laertes, in "Hamlet," Nemours, in "Louis XI," Bassanio, in "The Merchant of Venice," Christian, in "The Bells," Silvio, in "The Amber Heart," Claudio, in "Much Ado About Nothing," Thornhill, in "Olivia," and Macduff, in "Macbeth." In 1889, Mr. Alexander joined the Adelphi company in the melodrama, "London Day by Day," thus for a time succeeding the late William Terriss as Adelphi hero as he had succeeded him as Lyceum "juvenile lead."

In 1890, Mr. Alexander assumed the management of the Avenue Theatre with the farcical comedy, "Dr. Bill," in which he played the chief part and which made a great success. This was followed by "A Struggle for Life," in which he played Paul Astier; it was an immediate failure, the curious thing being that the former had only been put on as a stop-gap until the latter was ready. His next venture was "Sunlight and Shadow," appearing as George Addis. In the following year he became lessee and manager of the St. James's. Here his most important productions and revivals have been "The Idler," "Lord Anerley," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "Liberty Hall," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Masqueraders," "Guy Domville," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "The Triumph of the Philistines," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "As You Like It," "The Princess and the Butterfly," "The Tree of Knowledge," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Conquerors," "The Ambassador," and "In Days of Old," which is shortly to be followed by "Rupert of Hentzau."

MISS ELLA SNYDER.

MISS ELLA SNYDER, whom we know only as the fascinating "Bowery Girl" of "The Belle of New York," was well in the van of that all-conquering army of American femininity. Although only a small character, Marjorie May shared with Violet Gray, the Salvation lassie, and Fifi Fricot, the French girl, the homage of London. Miss Snyder spoke, not only with her voice, but with her hands; danced not only with her feet, but with her hands. They were such graceful and expressive hands. Her singing and dancing were one of the most popular features of an extraordinary popular entertainment.

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MISS ELLA SNYDER.

From a Photograph by *Alfred Ellis & Walery, 51, Baker Street, W*

Miss FAY DAVIS.

MISS FAY DAVIS.

MISS FAY DAVIS came from America one day, saw over the footlights a stolid British audience, and conquered their icy reserve towards a stranger in a minute or two. Her first appearance was in an unimportant part, the next was as "second leading lady"—if we may use the term, and after the third there was no higher position to achieve on the English stage: higher position, that is, in status—for she was now second to none in the ranks of the company of one of London's leading playhouses.

In a criticism of Mr. R. C. Carton's play of "The Squire of Dames," adapted from the French of "*L'Ami des Femmes*," by Dumas fils, produced at the Criterion Theatre by Mr. Charles Wyndham in the winter of 1895, *The Theatre* said of Miss Davis's performance of Zöe Nuggetson: "A striking success was made by Miss Fay Davis, a novice hailing from America, who at once established her reputation as an excellent '*comedienne.*'" Immediately afterwards she joined Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre, where she fixed herself firmly in the esteem of our playgoers, not only as a "*comedienne*," but as an actress who could make us smile by her pleasant humour, command our tears by her gentle and natural pathos, and interest us always by the freshness of her style and the earnestness and attraction of her methods.

When Mr. Alexander revived "As You Like It," Miss Davis was the Celia, a winsome Celia, one full of the Shakespearian spirit, girlish and buoyant, clear and dainty of speech, graceful and appropriate in gesture, a Celia who pleased us all and made us remark the versatility which could vivify a modern American heiress one day and become almost an ideal Shakespearian heroine the next. But her first great triumph came with her portrayal of the character of Fay Zuliani, in Mr. Pinero's delightful comedy, "The Princess and the Butterfly," produced at the St. James's in 1897. The play was in five acts; although it had pleased and amused us in the first three, it had not "thrilled" or moved us greatly—it seemed rather deliberate and fine-drawn. In a moment all this was altered, and it was Miss Fay Davis who altered it. The word "electrified" is a strong word, but its use is justified in describing the effect of Miss Davis's acting. And, lest we be accused of hyperbole, let us quote the restrained Mr. William Archer to elaborate the point:—

"Even Miss Fay Davis, as Fay Zuliani, though she made, and deserved, a very great success, did not seem to me in the earlier acts quite the irrepressible will-o'-the-wisp of Mr. Pinero's imagination. Her freakishness did not seem quite temperamental, bred in the bone. . . . It was when the fourth act brought with it a series of strong emotions that Miss Davis's refined and restrained yet perfectly expressive acting carried all before it. She was equally admirable in the fifth act—graceful, tactful, sincere. In emotional comedy, if not in drama, she has certainly a future before her."

When Mr. Alexander went a-touring in the provinces, Miss Davis played Rosalind in "As You Like It," and Mr. Archer, with reservations, found her "a delightful Rosalind, . . . graceful, spontaneous, intelligent." Later in the same year, at the St. James's, she played Monica in Mr. Carton's play, "The Tree of Knowledge," "so charmingly," says our critic, "that I should not wonder if this particular type of quaintly self-possessed and humorously tender heroine became, for some seasons, a stereotype, and no comedy were reckoned complete without a Fay Davis character."

When Mr. Alexander revived Mr. Jones's drama, "The Masqueraders," during his suburban and country travels, Miss Davis played Mrs. Patrick Campbell's original part of Dulcie Larondie, of which the present writer said in the *Daily Mail*:—

"At the St. James's Theatre there was one thrilling moment in the piece that dwarfed all others—the game at cards. Now there are two, for Miss Davis electrified the audience at the Grand Theatre by her delivery of the tempestuous tirade against marriage and all its works. To those who know Miss Davis only as the sweet and sympathetic heroine, the passion and frenzy of this outbreak of a distraught and broken-hearted woman will come as a revelation. The very heart-strings of Dulcie Larondie seemed to snap, and the discord of overwrought anguish rang into our ears and impressed itself upon our brains. It was no theatrical *tour-de-force*, it was something immeasurably greater—a glimpse into the heart and mind of a real, living woman, in whom every emotion, of maternity, of pride, of everything which makes up life, was agonised beyond endurance. By no trick or mere technical skill did Miss Fay Davis impel our sympathy—but by vivid truth and irresistible reality. She seemed to be swept away by the horror of it—and we were swept away, too. An actress who can play this strenuous scene as Miss Davis played it, and who can also give to us the charm and strange pathos of the confession of the wild girl in 'The Princess and the Butterfly,' has a range and a versatility which should carry her anywhere."

Under the management of Mr. George Alexander, Miss Davis played the part of Juliet Gainsborough, in Mrs. Craigie's beautiful play, "The Ambassador," and gave to it the girlish charm, the tenderness and the quiet humour we now know so well; in "The Conquerors," Babliole de Grandprè; and in "In Days of Old," Lilian. In revivals of "The Prisoner of Zenda" she acted the part of Princess Flavia, originally interpreted by Miss Evelyn Millard; in "Much Ado About Nothing," Hero; and in "Liberty Hall," Blanch.

MISS TEMPEST.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST is *the* prima donna of the English stage waiving grand opera, of course. She is the Patti of comic opera, without peer or rival. She has a very beautiful voice which has had the training it deserves; consequently, not in quality alone, or in volume, but in production and flexibility as well, the voice of Miss Tempest is the voice of a sweet singer and a finished artist. The range is the ordinary range of a soprano but the high notes are as melodious as the low ones and there is never the suggestion of effort in her rendering of bravura passages, while her ear is truth itself. A musician, armed *cap-a-pie* to meet the severest test of an ambitious composer, Miss Tempest has preferred to be Queen of light opera rather than a distinguished one of many at Covent Garden. Her singing in the fine finale of the first act of "The Greek Slave" and her rendering of the dainty "Queen of the Geisha" are fair examples of the variety her talent embraces.

Mr. Clement Scott, in his book "The Drama of Yesterday and To-day," says that we have in London "a form of comic opera, led by an artist, Marie Tempest, of whose talent the Opera Comique of Paris would not be ashamed." So far from being ashamed they would be delighted, except that, with rare exceptions, the native vocalists of the Comique would be utterly outclassed.

Miss Tempest made her second appearance upon the London stage in 1885, at the Opera Comique, in a romantic opera entitled, "The Fay O' Fire," written by the late Henry Herman and composed by Mr. Edward Jones. Criticising the performance, no less distinguished a journalist than Mr. William Beatty-Kingston wrote: "It is seldom, indeed, in this country, that one is agreeably surprised by such skilful and sound voice-production as that of Miss Tempest. She was, I believe, an Academy pupil, and is known to the musical public in connection with oratorios and ballad concerts. On the operatic boards, however, she is in her true province, and cannot fail to achieve distinction."

And, in addition to her vocal gifts, Miss Tempest acts with a fascination which comes from archness of manner and a sly sense of humour. It is the meaning she puts into her songs, be they grave or gay, to which half their effect is due.

Miss Tempest was musically educated in Belgium, Paris and subsequently at our Royal Academy of Music, where she took the bronze, silver and gold medals. She sang at the Philharmonic and Saturday concerts under the name of Miss Etherington. Her first appearance on the lyric stage was as Fiametta, in "Boccaccio," at the Comedy Theatre, and among the other parts assumed by her are Bianca, in "Le Bearnaise," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in 1886; Dorothy, in the famous opera of that name, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre; and Kitty, in "The Red Hussar," at the Lyric; after which she stayed for a long time in America. On her return, she played Adéle, in "An Artist's Model," O Mimosa San, in "The Geisha," Maia, in "A Greek Slave," and the eponymous heroine of "San Toy," at Daly's.

From a Photograph by *Alfred Ellis & Walery, 51, Baker Street, W.*

Miss MARIE TEMPEST.

From a Photograph by *The British Mutoscope & Biograph Co., London.*

MR. LEWIS WALLER AND MR. McKINNEL.

Mr. LEWIS WALLER and Mr. McKINNEL in "King John."

HERE we have one of the most popular personalities on the English stage, and, in saying this, we exactly describe Mr. Lewis Waller's position. It is Mr. Waller who is the attraction, not Mr. Waller's acting. It is his handsome presence, his splendid voice, so resonant, so clear, so admirably used; it is not his art, not the art of histrionism, which means, or should mean, the sinking of the personality of the player, changing himself with each new character he undertakes, altering his outward form, his method of speech, his gestures, his bearing. Mr. Waller does nothing of this. He is always Mr. Waller, differing hardly one jot in appearance, not one jot in manner. No matter what the period, what the station of life of the man the actor is portraying, Mr. Waller is just the same; to put it bluntly, he will not even wear a wig if it can be avoided by any possible straining of accuracy.

Yet Mr. Lewis Waller is one of the most popular personalities on the English stage. It is a triumph of a pleasing individuality—a living example for those who claim that a successful actor need not be an artist in the proper sense of the word. One enjoys Mr. Waller's playing. His beautiful voice, his gallant bearing, his buoyancy, his "breeziness," his masculinity are of infinite value to a play in which he is provided with a part suited to him. Nor must we deny him a rough sense of humour. His showed us that side of him in Hotspur. But, whether he is Hotspur, or D'Artagnan, or Brutus, or Faulconbridge, or any modern man, he distinguishes between them only in the clothes he wears. This is no carping; it is simply using a prominent example to point a moral. We all admire Mr. Waller immensely, and like to watch him and to hear his voice ring out like a clarion. There could not be anything much more inspiring than to hear him speak the glorious words which bring "King John" to an end. One can think of no other actor who could have spoken them so nobly.

His D'Artagnan, of course, was a splendid bit of flamboyant acting. It did not suggest a Gascon, or any particular period, but as a young romantic hero it was superlatively good. In its praise the present writer sang in the *Daily Mail* the following pæan:

> Of course, Mr. Lewis Waller is the mainstay of everything. Mr. Waller gloried in the character; he looked and spake D'Artagnan to the life. He was the cavalier in spirit, speech, and bearing; he acted with wonderful gallantry and devilment. Making love, fooling Richelieu, fighting the Queen's enemies—it was all the same to him; he carried the play along with him, shoulder high to success. His nervousness at first was the very thing, his bravado always in the Dumasiest vein.

Nor can we deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a criticism from a leading pen upon his Hotspur:

> The surprise and delight of the afternoon was Mr. Lewis Waller's Hotspur. There was some doubt beforehand as to whether the humour of the part would prove to be within Mr. Waller's range; and indeed a more humorous, a more John-Bullish Hotspur might be conceived. But Mr. Waller showed no positive deficiency even in humour; and in all the other attributes of the character, in fire, energy, turbulence, impatient pride and indomitable daring, he was simply ideal. And he spoke his lines with as much correctness as spirit, thrilling the audience with the warm resonance of his beautiful voice. . . . I thought Mr. Waller a shade too openly menacing in his first scene with the King. Perhaps a little outward show of self-restraint might temper even Hotspur's indignation in the presence of the King. Otherwise I do not know what improvement to suggest in this fine performance.

On the other hand, his Faulconbridge, breezy and vigorous as it was, was a disappointment and seemed lacking in a certain indefinable tone, and in an appreciation of Shakespeare's real conception.

Mr. Waller made his first appearance in London in 1883, and for some time was one of the "handsome young villains" of the stage. Soon afterwards he joined the company of Mr. Toole, and also toured in the country with Madame Modjeska. He was enthusiastic and intensely hardworking, playing everything and anything, and obtaining very valuable experience by taking part in a very large number of those "trial matinées" of new pieces which then were rife. Among the more important characters assumed by him were those of Luke Chester, in "Tares," by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre; Lord Arden, in "The Wife's Secret," under the Kendal management, at the St. James's; Crosby Grainger, in "Good Old Times," by Messrs. Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett, at the Princess's; Hugh Murray, in "The Profligate," by Mr. Pinero, at the Garrick; Cavaradoss, in "La Tosca," at the same house; Nicholas Vanalstyne, in "The Henrietta," by Mr. Bronson Howard, at the Avenue. He had already "supported" Miss Kate Vaughan in her season of old comedies at the Opera Comique, and Mrs. Brown-Potter at the Gaiety.

He produced under his own management and Mr. Morell's, at the Haymarket, "An Ideal Husband," and at the Shaftesbury, "A Woman's Reason," "The Sin of St. Hulda," and "The Manxman," in all of which he played. With Mr. Tree, at the former theatre, he was Orestes, in "Hypatia;" and at Her Majesty's, Captain Voban, in "The Seats of the Mighty;" the Chevalier, in "The Silver Key;" De Noirville, in a revival of "A Man's Shadow;" Brutus, in "Julius Cæsar;" Jack, in "Ragged Robin;" Buckingham, in "The Musketeers;" Colonel Syrett, in "Carnac Sahib;" and Faulconbridge, in "King John." At various times he has also appeared as Rosmer, in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm;" Captain Matthews, in Mr. Buchanan's "Dick Sheridan;" Captain Lecaile-Swift, in Mr. Carton's play, "The Home Secretary," produced by Mr. Charles Wyndham; and as Prince Lucio in "The Sorrows of Satan."

Mr. Norman McKinnel has been a member of Mr. Tree's company for some time, and has played several small parts of different characteristics with skill and variety. As Lymoges, in "King John," he acts with excellent effect and looks the part admirably.

MISS KATIE SEYMOUR.

MISS KATIE SEYMOUR is in the forefront of that band of modern dancers for which this generally ungraceful old country is noted. There is no place in the world where the comparatively new school of "skirt dancing" is so famous as in England, and in this roll of fame Miss Seymour holds a very prominent place. Miss Kate Vaughan, Miss Letty Lind, Miss Seymour and several others have no peer in all the world as exponents of the dance in its modern development. Very likely this is because the other nations have paid but little attention to it. We remember how Mme. Legnani, the *première danseuse* of the classical Italian methods, surprised and delighted us all at the Alhambra by her temporary appearance in *lingerie*, and showed how well the adherents of the pirouette and the "powder-puff" skirts could emulate our own terpsichoreans if they only tried.

Miss Seymour has a distinct individuality in the dance. Exceedingly graceful, her chief characteristics are nimbleness, quickness and dexterity. Her feet are apparently electrical, so rapid is their movement.

For some years a "star" of the variety theatres, Miss Seymour has been associated with the Gaiety Theatre for a considerable time, and, with Mr. Edmund Payne, has been part of the life and soul of the many "Girls" which have titillated us at the leading house of burlesque. Her Japanese *pas de deux* in "The Shop Girl," her "doll duet" in "The Circus Girl," and her piccaninny dance with Mr. Payne, in "A Runaway Girl," are among the most famous of her achievements.

From a Photograph by *H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.*

Miss KATIE SEYMOUR.

From a Photograph by *Ellis & Walery, Baker Street, W.*

MISS HILDA MOODY.

MISS HILDA MOODY.

OF a famous musical family, Miss Hilda Moody has won her way to a success which is not wholly musical. Her charm of manner and her prettiness have won for her an admiration not wholly due to the sweetness of her voice and the purity of her intonation. Miss Hilda Moody occupies a prominent position in the company of Daly's Theatre, which, after the Savoy, ranks as the chief home of light English music.

Miss Moody was for some time a member of Mr. George Edwardes' principal touring company, winning golden opinions in the country for her rendering of the characters played in London by Miss Marie Tempest; so excellently did she sing and act as O Mimosa San in "The Geisha," on tour, that Miss Moody was called to London to enact the second soprano part in "The Greek Slave" and in "San Toy" at Daly's Theatre. There is every sign that she will easily maintain the position she has won.

MISS ESMÉ BERINGER.

MISS ESMÉ BERINGER, daughter of the clever dramatist, Mrs. Oscar Beringer, and sister of Miss Vera Beringer, who, as a "child actress," made so sudden a bound into fame as the hero of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is an earnest and aspiring artist of whom a great deal may be expected in the future. She has a quick intelligence, she is very hardworking and her heart is in her profession—to such as these much is vouchsafed.

Miss Beringer made her débût as a little girl, playing Dick, the shoeblack, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." She also enacted the part of Amy—originally assumed by Mrs. Kendal—in "The Hard Struggle." Then came a period of proper disappearance from the stage and a devotion to reading, writing and arithmetic, and, some years later, came her rentrée at the Haymarket Theatre, under the banner of Mr. Tree, where she appeared in "Hypatia." Susan, the parlourmaid, in "The New Boy," at the Vaudeville, under the management of Mr. Weedon Grossmith; Euphemia Schwartz, in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," produced by Mr. Fred Kerr, at the same house; Avice Bickerdyke, in "The Late Mr. Castello," Mr. Grundy's farcical-comedy, the American girl in "Gossip," and Cassiopeia, in "The Mother of Three," presented by Mr. Comyns Carr at the Comedy, marked her steady progress in her art.

But a sudden bound was made when she appeared as Romeo to her sister Vera's Juliet at a matinée at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Many critics went into ecstasies concerning this performance. Mr. Clement Scott, in particular, was enraptured. He returned to the subject in his book, "The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day," and the warmth of his eulogy deserves reproduction. "The Best Romeo that I have seen so far," he says, "was a girl, and a very clever one—Miss Esmé Beringer, an ideal Italian love-sick youth." And, later, he adds, "Something like the ideal Romeo of Shakespeare's text was found in Esmé Beringer. Scarcely one Shakesperian enthusiast present believed it was a woman. It was not a woman at all; it was a boy. No suggestion of sex entered into the study. We had to forgive nothing, to beg nothing. There stood before us a comely youth—poetic, imaginative, impulsive, with the hot blood of Italy in his veins, with an adorable charm of manner, and a voice tinged with the golden sun. It was all warm, sunny, poetic, imaginative. There was not a trace of baseness or sensuality in this delightful study.

"Ah! it will be said, so far so good for the picture; but what about the art of it? Miss Esmé Beringer may look Romeo, but how can she act it? How can she speak the immortal lines of Shakespeare? All I can say is, would that Shakespeare's text could always be delivered with such exquisite grace of diction! The voice rang true, it echoed and echoed about the crowded theatre; but the brain was there as well as the voice, and I believe that many present had never understood Romeo so well as when, line after line, sentence after sentence, scene after scene, did not, as they so often do, pass in a dream, but went straight to the mind and understanding. A better pronounced performance of Romeo has been seldom heard; a more ideal Romeo has been seldom seen.

"The mind throughout the play refused to believe that it was not a passionate Italian boy before their eyes. I can remember no scene in which the ideality of the character was lost. The first stab of love in the ball scene, the warm enthusiasm of the balcony scene were good enough; but where the part stood out best was in the heroic, irritable passages, the fights, the scenes with the Friar, half hysterical, half romantic, wholly unreasonable, and the scene at the tomb, where the wild, romantic, and wholly unsensual side of love was exhibited with force and undoubted charm. It certainly was a revelation in Romeos. Let me sum up the merits of the performance! A pretty picture, a pure and resonant voice, a Shakespearian method marvellous in one so young, a power of sending the text straight home to receptive minds, and throughout a glamour of idealism and poetry. *Voilà* Romeo!"

Miss Beringer's next appearance was as Speranza, in "The Pilgrim's Progress," at the Olympic, followed, after a brief interval, as Hermia, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at Edinburgh and other important provincial centres, and as Giullette Guaraschino, in "A White Knight," with Mr. Edward Terry at his theatre in the Strand. At the same playhouse, she appeared in various other pieces, and with Miss Olga Nethersole in "The Termagant," at Her Majesty's. In Mr. Lewis Waller's provincial company she was the Miladi in "The Three Musketeers"; she played the wife in "The Dove-cot" at the Duke of York's; in "The Jest," at the Criterion, Miss Beringer played an important character under the management of Mr. Charles Wyndham, and, with Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's, she acted in "In Days of Old."

From a Photograph by *Ellis & Walery, Baker Street, W.*

MISS ESMÉ BERINGER.

From a Photograph by *Ellis & Walery, Baker Street, W.*

MR. HAYDEN COFFIN.

MR. HAYDEN COFFIN.

MR. HAYDEN COFFIN is the representative light-opera "lover" of the English stage. That he is an American does not affect his national position. For years his fine voice has kept him head and front above his fellows in his own particular sphere; and, while the critics have never ceased to tell him that he is affected and "namby-pamby" on the stage, and that he attitudinises and poses, the fact remains that to the public he is the ideal hero of comic opera.

To him who is writing this monograph it has always seemed that Mr. Coffin has been somewhat harshly treated in this matter. Whatever his faults, Mr. Coffin knows how to make love. He is not frightened of it. He is not content to speak warm words frigidly. He does not stand mumchance while he is telling the lady on whom all his affections are centred that he is longing to clasp her in his arms and fold her to his breast. On the contrary, his hands seem itching to hold her, his arms nervously to be summoning up courage for the ardent caress. There is warmth and passion—a well-restrained and perfectly modern passion, but passion, nevertheless—in his love-making; and, in these days of wooden acting among tenors and baritones, this should count for much.

Mr. Coffin has had some of the prettiest and most attractive songs to sing that have been heard in our generation. But, when all the others are forgotten, "Queen of My Heart" and "Tommy Atkins" will be remembered.

Mr. Coffin, we are told by a biographer, glories in the fact that he is a New Englander. But by this time, surely, he counts himself an Old Englander. He made his first appearance on the English stage at the Empire Theatre—before it became a music-hall—in 1885, in "The Lady of the Locket," in which he scored an immediate success. He next sang in "Falka," on its revival at the Avenue Theatre, and in 1886 he appeared as Coriolan, in "The Lily of Leoville." After that came fame with "Dorothy," in which, as Harry Sherwood, he sang the never-to-be-forgotten classic "Queen of My Heart," first at the Gaiety and then at the Prince of Wales's.

Among other parts played by him are the Vicomte De la Touche, in "Captain Thérèse," the Earl of Huntingdon, in "Maid Marian," the Earl of Chestermere, in "Marjorie," and Peter Paul Rolleston, in "Miss Decima," at the Prince of Wales's; Sir Philip Carey, in "Doris," Leighton, in "The Red Hussar," Viscount Knapps and Franz de Bernheim, in "La Cigale," at the Lyric.

Since that time Mr. Coffin has been associated with the popular series of "musical-comedy" which Mr. George Edwardes has made famous at Daly's Theatre, and has been the hero of "A Gaiety Girl"—originally produced at the Prince of Wales's, "An Artist's Model," "The Geisha," "A Greek Slave," and "San Toy." Diligent searching of records brings to light only one instance in which he has appeared in a non-musical play: he acted as Frank Annerley in a revival by the Dramatic Students of Dr. Westland Marston's comedy, "The Favourite of Fortune," at Terry's Theatre, in 1887.

MISS LILY HANBURY.

MISS LILY HANBURY is a beautiful and statuesque young lady who has fought her way to the front by hard work and an intense desire to succeed. Whatever part she essays, we know that it will be played conscientiously and attractively; that the actress will give us of her best. There is nothing lackadaisical, nothing careless in Miss Hanbury's work. She has never assumed the airs and graces too often allied with great beauty, has never ambled through a part with the manner of one conferring a favour, as is so frequently the case with ladies so bountifully blessed with feminine attractions. She could not work harder were she merely the possessor of a pleasing disposition.

Miss Lily Hanbury made her first appearance on the stage with her cousin, Miss Julia Neilson, at a morning performance at the Savoy Theatre in 1888, when "Pygmalion and Galatea" was revived under the direction of its author, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, as Myrine; which, said the late Cecil Howard, she played "with a grace and charm that gained her a large share of well-deserved applause." A little later, in the same year, "The Wicked World," by the same author, was revived at the same theatre. In this Miss Hanbury played Neodie; of which, we learn, she was "a pretty and engaging" representative.

Under the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett she acted only minor parts, but with Mr. George Alexander she appeared as the heroine of "Lady Windermere's Fan," in which, a contemporary authority assures us, she "acted with striking power and sincerity." The impression thus made was deepened in the course of a provincial tour with Mr. Tree, during which she played all the leading parts associated in town with her cousin, Miss Julia Neilson, and on her return Mr. Pinero promptly secured her services for the Lady Neoline (in "The Amazons" at the Court), "whose stately disdain she endues with exquisite charm." When Mr. Tree gave some special performances of Ibsen's play, "An Enemy of the People," Miss Hanbury played Petra, of which performance so severe a critic and so ardent an "Ibsenite" as Mr. William Archer, said, "Miss Hanbury makes quite an ideal Petra."

Among other important characters essayed by Miss Hanbury are Lady Carlotta Deepdale, in "The Charlatan"; Lady Marchant, in "A Bunch of Violets"; and Mrs. Wankiyn, in a revival of "John-a-Dreams," with Mr. Tree at the Haymarket; Madame De Mauban, in "The Prisoner of Zenda," at the St. James's; Ishtar, in "The Daughters of Babylon," at the Lyric; Ophelia—an unconventionally imposing Ophelia—and Portia in Mr. Ben Greet's Shakespearian season at the Olympic; Olive Allingham, in Mr. Pinero's play, "The Benefit of the Doubt," at the Comedy; Julie, in a revival of "A Man's Shadow;" Calphurnia, in "Julius Cæsar"; and the Queen, during a portion of the run of "The Musketeers," at Her Majesty's; and Lady Samaurez, in "The Degenerates," at the Haymarket and Garrick.

Mr. Archer once wrote that, besides certain well-known types of stage characters, there was yet another, no less popular. "This is the goddess-heroine, divinely tall and divinely intransigent on ethical questions, who seems to have been created for, if not by, the art of Miss Julia Neilson and her relative, Miss Lily Hanbury. Miss Hanbury led the way (if I remember rightly) with Lady Windermere, and Lady Marchant in 'A Bunch of Violets.'" Mr. Clement Scott, in his book, "The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day," says: "When I look 'into the future far as human eye can see' and imagine what young actresses and actors will carry on the traditions of their gifted predecessors, and do credit, in time to come, to the English stage that they adorn with their conspicuous talent, even now several names rush to my lips. I think of Julia Neilson and her kinswoman, Lily Hanbury; both remarkable for their beauty, their fine stage presence, and their devotion to the art they love; both fighting bravely for that experience which is so essential, and that schooling and discipline of which the English stage is so lamentably destitute."

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

Miss LILY HANBURY.

From a Photograph by *Barraud, Oxford Street.*

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM AND MISS MARY MOORE.

Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and Miss MARY MOORE

IN

"David Garrick."

THE most popular actor in London is Mr. Charles Wyndham, and has been for a great many years. Playgoers do not say "I am going to such-and-such a piece," or "such-and-such a theatre"—they say, "I am going to see Wyndham." In the slang of the profession, Mr. Wyndham "draws more money," irrespective of the piece in which he is appearing—he has a larger personal "following"—than any of his peers.

His reputation was made as the successor to Charles Mathews. For years he was the embodiment of all that was frivolous upon the stage; he was the gay, irresponsible *farceur;* he was the central figure of Criterion farce, which stood for wild extravagance and hilarity, with more than a touch of "Frenchiness." The exuberance of his animal spirits, the artistic restraint which kept them in bounds, made him the recognised and established representative of the frothy humours of such whirling funniments as "Pink Dominos"—which "ran" two years—and "The Candidate." Nice distinctions were drawn between his methods and those of Mathews, sometimes in favour of one, sometimes of the other. But all were united in acclaiming him the foremost light-comedian of his age.

Then Mr. Wyndham, like so many of his artistic forbears, longed for new worlds to conquer. We know that the tragedian pines to make the people laugh and the comedian to make them cry. Mr. Wyndham did not escape the fever for change. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1861, at the Olympic Theatre, New York, and—although he had played such parts as Sir Arthur Lascelles, in "All That Glitters is not Gold" (in which he made his London *début* at the Royalty, in 1866); Hugh Stoneleigh, in "Idalia," under the management of Miss Herbert, at the St. James's; Charles Surface, at Wallack's Theatre, New York, in 1869, previously to managing the Criterion in 1875—until 1886 he was the king of farce, and the average playgoer knew him only as his favourite laughter-maker and probably never expected to hail him as anything else.

For over twenty years Charles Wyndham had made the public laugh, and then he grew restive. One day he revived O'Keefe's "Wild Oats," a semi-sentimental comedy. In this he enacted the character of Rover, and made such a "hit" in the part that he felt that the old roystering days were over and that the time had arrived for the public to make the acquaintance of Charles Wyndham, sentimentalist. The next step was a revival of "David Garrick." Times without number he has revived Robertson's antiquated old play, and always with substantial results: only the other day he chose it for his opening play at the pretty new Wyndham's Theatre in Charing Cross Road. From this, he developed into the serious "friend of the family" of such modern comedies as "The Squire of Dames" and "The Case of Rebellious Susan"; the very serious hero of "The Home Secretary," "The Bauble Shop," and "The Physician"; the romantic hero of "Rosemary"—one of the greatest successes of his career; reaching the domain of tragedy itself in "The Jest," a domain which he will occupy again when he produces an English version of the "play of the century," "Cyrano de Bergerac."

One cannot define the reason of Mr. Wyndham's charm in plays of romance and sentiment as one could define his magnetic influence in farce. More than all it is due to his personality, a much more potent factor than his art, though none can decry that. He is always earnest; he makes love with a fine sincerity; there are tender notes in his voice to which it is a pleasure to listen—but there are harsh notes, too. One never criticises Mr. Wyndham, but simply records the effect of his individuality. In his case, in the case of one of the foremost actors of our day, we find that the art of acting is absolutely subordinate to the charm of personality.

Mr. Wyndham began life as an army surgeon and served through the American Civil War; but, though he returned to his former profession once again after having tasted the excitement of the footlights—he had been dismissed for incompetence by Mrs. John Wood—he has, ever since, been a hard and continuous worker on the stage. Among his most notable productions of farce, besides those already mentioned, were "Betsy," "Where's the Cat?" "Fourteen Days," "The Great Divorce Case," "Brighton," and "The Man with Three Wives."

Mr. Wyndham, in the early part of his career, played Achille Talma Dufard, in "The First Night," taking part in the grand duet from "Les Huguenots," and other curious old-fashioned characters. In recent years he has staged "Still Waters Run Deep," in which he assumed the part of John Mildmay; "She Stoops to Conquer," playing Young Marlow; "London Assurance," playing Dazzle; and "The School for Scandal," playing Charles. He undertook a far-reaching Continental tour, appearing in St. Petersburg and elsewhere, with Miss Mary Moore as his "leading lady."

Of Miss Mary Moore we have written in a previous issue of *Celebrities of the Stage*. Ada Ingot in "David Garrick" is one of the most pleasing characters in her repertory.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH

AS

SOPHIE FULLGARNEY.

"IT is a trenchant, exciting, breathless scene, superbly acted by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who on Saturday night bounded at once into the position of a great actress; yes, it is not too much to say, great. Here, the strenuous and varying emotions were expressed with a variety, a power, an irresistibility which carried us away and won for Miss Vanbrugh a deafening shout of pleasure.

"We had been watching her closely all the evening, struck with her versatility and her spirit, the unobtrusive skill with which she showed us the character of this common, good-hearted girl varnished into a lady."

So wrote "the present scribe" in the *Daily Mail* of Miss Irene Vanbrugh's performance as Sophie Fullgarney, the manicurist, in Mr. Pinero's comedy, "The Gay Lord Quex," produced at the Globe Theatre on April 9th, 1899; and in so writing he was but one in the general chorus of praise which greeted the popular young actress whose cleverness had been recognised for a long time, but who now, for the first time, came into her kingdom. The monograph which has already appeared in CELEBRITIES OF THE STAGE leaves nothing to be said of the career of Miss Vanbrugh save to dwell on the impression she created in the character in which she is pictured here.

Repeating the "tag" of the play which had set the seal of triumph upon her efforts, Miss Vanbrugh, hearing the shouts of enthusiasm which greeted her as the curtain fell, might have repeated the words of the author, and murmured, "Ah, *that's* all right!"

ENVOI.

AND here, for the present, we take our leave, hoping to meet once again those whose friendliness has made possible the issue of CELEBRITIES OF THE STAGE. When we again take up our task, many omissions will be made good. There are those who are very celebrated indeed, who have not been included in the present issue, and to them our apologies are due. Our only excuse is that we wished to keep many of our plums till the last. If we have enabled some of the vast army of lovers of the play to preserve not unworthy remembrances of only a few of the clever players whose life is spent in their entertainment, our task has not been an idle one. To us it has been a labour of love.

And so, "*Au Revoir!*"

From a Photograph by *W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS "SOPHIE FULLGARNEY."